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TEACHERS' GUIDE SERIES

BOOK I.

WHEN FIRST WE GO TO SCHOOL

M. HELEN BECKWITH

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C

To My Sister
Alice Lydia Beckwith
Who
Wrote the Stories.

79224

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INTRODUCTION.

September has come again. Once more the school-house doors are open. What a troop of little children will enter for the first time. As we watch them, let us remember that it *is* the first time. Heretofore Johnny has played for long hours, noisily or quietly, as fancy dictated "The boy's will is the wind's will," and it will not be easy to obey iron-clad rules. Initiate him gradually into the routine of school work.

The "Course of Study" in reading, number, and perhaps literature and nature study, has been made out by the school board, in graded schools, and must be accomplished.

There may be different ways in which it can be done, but we will not interfere with or discuss these; we will plan work and entertainment for the first half hour in the morning, recreation periods, and the seat work that is usually left to the discretion of the teacher.

Instead of correlating reading and number and nature study from day to day, why not choose some subject for thought and study broad enough to cover a month's work; one not lacking in variety, and with room for comparison and some play of the imagination?

It is with this idea in mind that the following suggestions are offered. If the three "R's" correlate we have no objection; if, however, the children should read about an apple, count pebbles, and write about a bird, we will not be much distressed, for reading books and number lessons are ready made for us for the most part. We take them as we find them, and they are really very good.

Suggestions for ten different occupations are given in the appendix, but in a book of this size only hints can be given as to how they shall be used. The value of them is to *illustrate* the subjects that are outlined; they are not designed for sequences of hand work. They have been used successfully to relieve the monotony of copying, sentence building, and word building, which form so large a part of the first two years of school work.

SEPTEMBER.

SUBJECT: HOME LIFE. STORY: HOW IT HAPPENED.

This is the first morning and what shall be our subject this month? First impressions should be pleasing ones, you think, and what will prove attractive to all?

Let us try Home Life. Home is a magical word and can be made to cover things simple and complex. Introduce the subject in a morning talk, and let the children do most of the talking. You may suggest a little, question a little, but don't insist upon complete statements at this time. You will crush every particle of enthusiasm if you do.

"Who lives at your house, John?" "Me and Nellie." "You mean Nellie and I," says the teacher. "Now tell me the whole story."

He does so, but the "talk" is spoiled. This isn't the time to insist on good English; just take it as you find it, even if it is "h'aint got" and "terrible pretty."

This first half hour should give you the key note for songs, seat work and recreation periods for the day.

There are the members of the family, as told in the little finger songs found in any kindergarten song book.

"This is the mother good and dear,
This is the father with hearty cheer,
This is the brother stout and tall,
This is the sister who plays with her doll,
This is the little one, pet of all.
See the whole family, great and small."

The thumb represents the mother, index finger the father, etc.

Here is another one, as families are not all alike:

"This is the grandmamma,
This is the grandpapa,
This is the mother dear,
This is the father dear,
This is the little child,
See the whole family here."

At game time, let different children represent the members of the finger family, care being taken to arrange them in size as the fingers are on the hand.

As the children sing, "This is the mother," the child who represents that member bows, as do each of the others in turn.

After singing to the other family, have the families face each other two or three yards apart. One family marches over to the other, while children sing:

"We go across the street,
Our neighbors dear to greet,

We who live just over the way,
Have come to wish you a pleasant day.
How-do-you-do!"

All shake hands as they meet.

For seat work the families may be cut from paper free hand, or from fashion plates, and drawn with pencil or charcoal.

There is the work each member of the family has to do.

Mother does different things each day.

"Washing day has come again,
Get the washtubs ready."

Let the children describe the process and imitate it.

What articles are used? Why do we wash? What materials? Where procured?

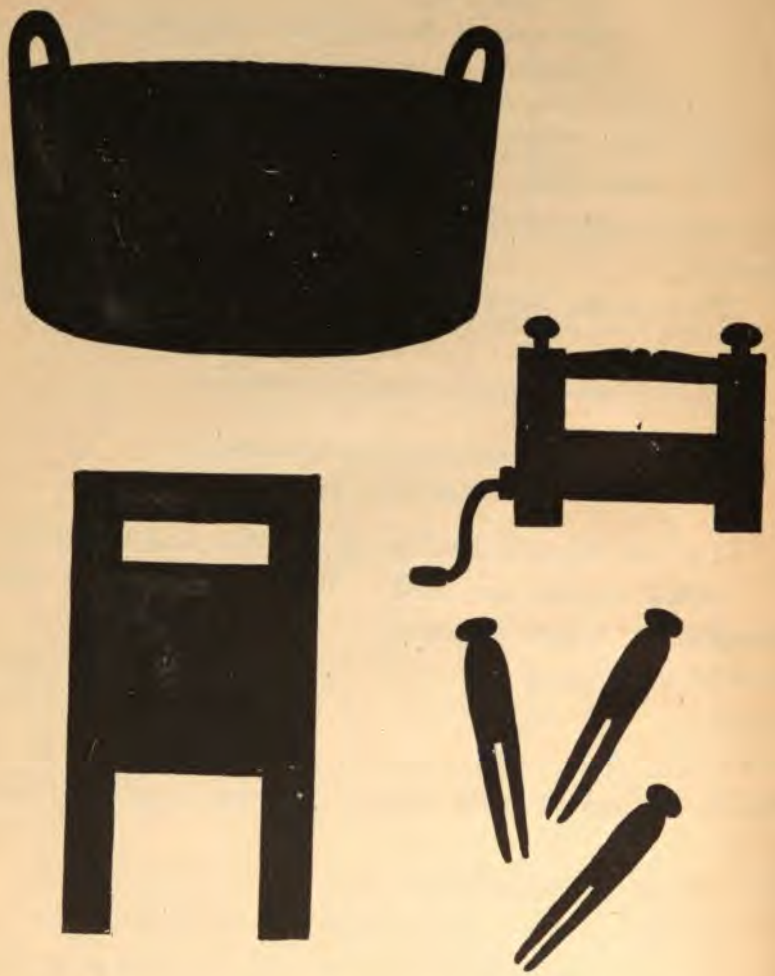
If some child has a toy bench and tub, ask her to bring it.

Have the children cut these articles, sew them on cardboard, model them in clay or paint them with water color.

Draw posts and clothes line.

Draw and cut the garments to be washed.

Two tooth-picks and a piece of thread makes a "real" line when stuck into a crack in floor or desk, and the paper clothes can be pinned on.



Why are they put out of doors to dry? What dries them?

Experiment by hanging towels and paste cloths out of doors to dry.

Another day mother irons. Let children illustrate as before.

Sweeping and dusting, cooking, cleaning — all the homely daily tasks are full of interest for the children and afford the best of illustrative work for eye and hand.

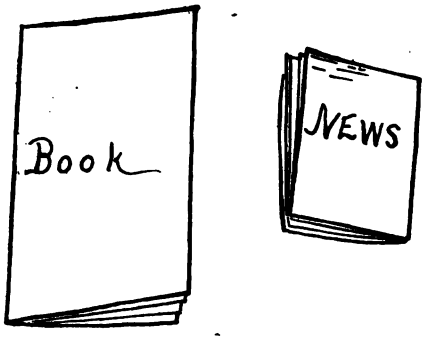
Simple outline pictures may be put on the board for the children to copy.

There is father's work. What does he do? Why does he go away from home? What does he do with the money he earns?

Brother, "so stout and tall"; does he work? Perhaps

he goes to school. We will make a drawing book for him. Does he sell newspapers? Let us fold one.

Six inch squares of paper folded through the middle and pinned through the crease make good books. One more fold added, folding back edge to front, makes the newspapers.



Sister plays with her doll. Let the doll with her cradle and furniture be made in clay, and have the clothes cut and folded. Tell them that old poem, "I once had a sweet little doll, dears."

One important member is the baby. Teach the Poulsson Finger Play, "Here's a Ball for Baby," and read them "Where did you come from, Baby dear?" Let the playthings of the baby be drawn and painted — the ball, rattle, bells, doll, blocks, cart, sled, and drum.

In the kindergarten song books will be slumber songs for putting baby to sleep, and songs for all the different

household tasks which can easily be adapted for games and which can be played with much dramatic action.

This may be sung to a little march:

"Oh, a happy band are we,
Working here so merrily,
What father does we all can do,
Now who will show us something new?"

All sorts of simple gymnastics can be done in a game of this kind. Insist that something new be shown after they are accustomed to the song, changing "father" to mother, brother, baby, etc.

Not only the members of the family, but the house in which they live, may receive attention. Does father own it or rent it? Is it a whole house or a tenement?

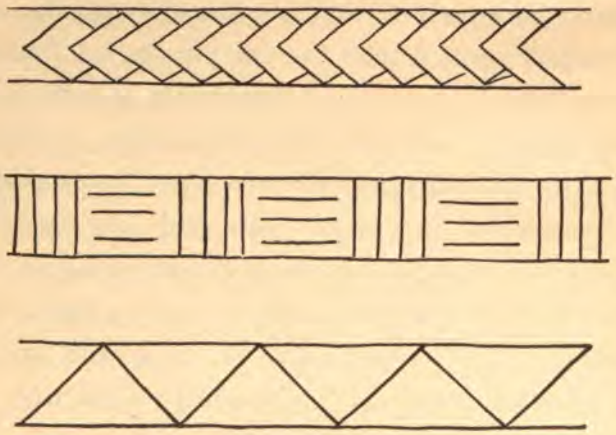
The talk about the buying of the land, digging of the cellar, materials and workmen employed, children always find interesting, and as an occupation nothing proves more delightful than the cutting out of furniture to furnish the house. Furniture catalogues should be saved for this purpose, and the advertisements in the daily papers. A large collection of these can be obtained with very little trouble. The little folks will like to cut them out at home and bring them ready for pasting.

They may be mounted on drawing paper, and the more "rooms" the better. The kitchen, with its range, table, and chairs; the pantry, with kettles and tins; dining

room, bed rooms, parlor, hall and cellar. We are millionaires now, and there need be no limit to our expenditures. Such a gorgeous play room with the Christmas advertisements of toys; such wardrobes and closets of gowns from fashion plates; conservatories rich in ferns and flowers from seed catalogues; and carriage houses with every known vehicle from bicycles to automobiles!

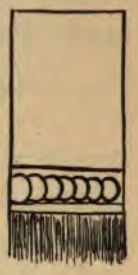
As each sheet or "room" is completed, it should be kept in a large manila envelope in the desk, and when *all* are done they should be tied together with ribbon or worsted. A picture of a house may be pasted on the cover, and the members of the family on the next sheet. A weaving mat of soft gray, with strips of red or blue, will make a charming rug for the house.

Call the attention of the children to borders found on carpets, rugs, wall papers, and table linen, and to the designs



in the same. Have these borders and designs copied in sticks and tablets, cut from paper, painted, and drawn.

Squares of paper may be folded for table cloths, napkins, and towels, with fringes cut and borders drawn. From clay we will make dishes, and with wooden tooth picks we can draw on them designs and borders.



Nothing has been said about "construction work" from "oak tag" and cardboard. Most primary teachers think this is too difficult for the untrained fingers of little first year children. If their hand work is confined to the simple work herein outlined, they will be much better prepared to take it up in the second and third years, when they have acquired some skill with eye and hand.

Don't forget to have a "story morning" in the primary room. Set apart a certain day that the children may look forward to it as the gala day of the week. The story must be *told*, not *read* to the little folks, and made so interesting that Sammy will forget how to wriggle. If it is a success, as you close they will exclaim with one voice, "Tell it again!" in great big capital letters.

Two excellent stories for "Home Life" are "Moufflou," and "Dicky Smiley's Birthday," in "The Story Hour," by Kate D. Wiggin. "Epimetheus and Pandora," in "In Mythland," is a good myth, and a tale of your own childhood days will probably prove most attractive of all.

We are fortunate in having such inexpensive pictu as "The Perry Pictures" to select from, and such ones "Baby Stuart," "Feeding Her Birds," "Can't You Talk and "Family Cares," are good for this month.

I have sometimes tacked a strip of soft gray pape across a low blackboard, low down in reach of the eye and fingers of the children. In this paper I have cut slit to hold the corners of the pictures, so that they could b easily changed. The children would be sure to notice th new ones as they came into the room in the morning.

By the way, is it not worth while to greet each chil separately as he comes in, with a "Good morning, Tom," and a handshake? Maybe it is the only training in these little courtesies that some of the children will ever receive. Then, too, Tom is much more apt to come with clean hands if he knows his teacher expects him to greet her in this friendly manner. It is so easy to say, "I so like to

shake hands with Tom, his hands are so clean." This and the "Good night," need not be compulsory, but it is a pleasant little habit that will grow if you plant the seed.

Did you ever have a shelf in the school cupboard set apart for school playthings? It is an excellent plan. As the little people come in the morning, they can go there quietly and get what they like to amuse themselves with. An old train of cars, a singing top, boxes of blocks, picture books, and children's magazines all prove more interesting than any toys at home. At five minutes of nine they must be put carefully away.

Do you think it necessary that the children be made to "sit still" as soon as they enter that hallowed place, a school-room, lest they "lose respect for it"? I don't. Why not treat it as a home and let them have a degree of freedom in it, at least till nine o'clock? After that, it depends much upon circumstances and the principal.

One word more. It is not necessary to exhaust a subject with first year children, but study it very carefully yourself. Let the work be *work*, but let it be all the "make believe" you can think of. Put in all the fun and sunshine possible, and even then, this first year at school —

"Ah! what master hand shall paint
How they journeyed on their way,
How the days grew long and dreary,
How their little feet grew weary,
How their little hearts grew faint!"

How It Happened.

Alice L. Beckwith.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Eva; "then I can really and truly go to the concert," and she hopped around on one foot, and clapped her hands in glee.

Eva had come to spend two weeks with Uncle Fred and Aunt Marion. It was the first time that she had ever been away from home alone, and she felt as if she were almost a young lady.

Wasn't she eight years old, and hadn't mamma let down her dress a whole tuck?

"My! I guess Brother Bennie will wish he could go to a concert," said the little girl, as she was helping auntie wipe the dishes; "but most likely he'd go to sleep. I can tell him about it when I go home."

"You turned off the lights — didn't you?" asked auntie of Uncle Fred fifteen minutes later, as he shut and locked the door.

"Yes," he answered; "everything is as dark as a pocket. There comes our car." And in a twinkling they were on their way to the City Hall.

Was there anything ever half so lovely as the music Eva heard that night?

The singer had on such a beautiful dress too, and the little boy that played the violin wasn't a mite bigger than she!

"I don't believe he could come all alone on the cars from Cedarville, though," said Eva to herself.

How the people did clap when he made his bow for the last time, and the curtain dropped!

"Did you enjoy it, dear?" asked Uncle Fred on the way home.

"Oh! I guess I did. It was just splendid!"

"Court Street!" called the conductor.

"Sleepy, Eva?" asked auntie, as Uncle Fred helped them off. "Little girls shouldn't be up as late as this very often — should they? "But — why, what is the matter?" and she stopped short on the corner, and grasped Uncle Fred's arm. He gave a low whistle.

When they left two hours ago the house was dark and gloomy, but now it was ablaze with light from top to bottom.

"The house is on fire, or else there's a surprise party!" cried auntie.

"'Tisn't a fire," said Mr. Chase, "and no party, for there is no one moving. See, the shades are up," and he ran up the steps.

The house was lighted by electricity, and it was plain to be seen some one had turned on the lights while they were away. Who could it be? They had left no one in the house.

"Oh, don't go in without a policeman!" begged

auntie ; so one was called, and he and Mr. Chase searched the house. Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber, they went, but not a soul did they find. In corners, nooks, and closets they looked, but nothing was out of place.

"You may as well go to bed," said the policeman. "No one is here now, at any rate. You must have forgotten to turn off the lights."

"But I know I did turn them off," said Mr. Chase, and Eva nodded her little head. She remembered auntie's asking him, and of glancing back as she ran down the walk. It always seemed so wonderful to her that one could darken or light a whole house by just touching a magic spring! You couldn't light the lamps at Cedarville in that way.

"Well, I can't explain it," said the policeman, "but you're all right now. Good night."

Eva was sure she could never go to sleep, but her head scarcely touched the pillow before she was carried off to dreamland.

Several days went by, and the mystery was still unsolved. Nothing was missing, and Uncle Fred said:

"Either the house is bewitched, or it was a burglar who got frightened and left; for I know I turned the lights off."

One evening, just at dusk, auntie sat by the fireplace

in the sitting-room holding Eva. The little girl wasn't exactly homesick, but it had rained all day, and she would like to see mamma and little Bennie!

Auntie looked at the sober little face, and then said:

"O Eva! when I was a little girl, I — why, what in the world!" The room was all ablaze with light!

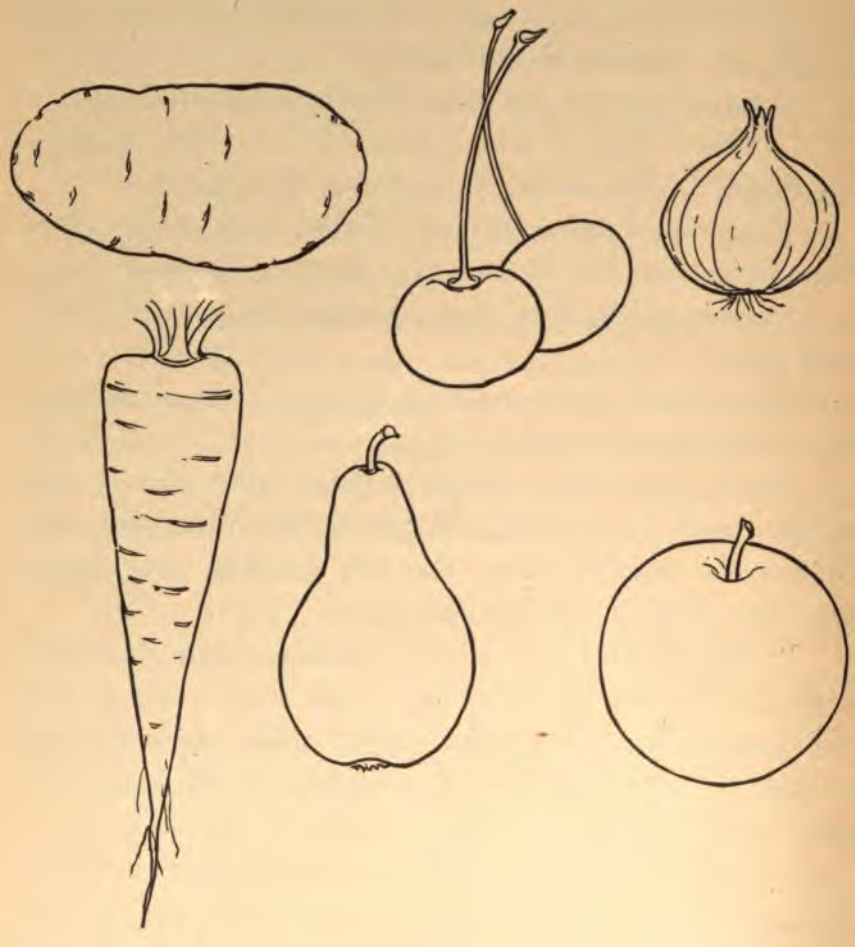
Eva jumped down, pale with fright, while auntie, hearing a little noise, ran to the sofa. How she laughed!

"Come quick, Eva; we've caught the burglar in the very act!"

The lights were turned on by means of a cord that hung just above the sofa.

Topsy, the black kitten, feeling rather frisky, had caught hold of the cord, and, giving it a little pull, had lighted the whole house. He was standing now on his hind legs playing with the little tassel.

"Why, Topsy," said auntie, "what a fright you have given us!" while Eva, hearing Uncle Fred's step in the hall, skipped out to tell him to come quick and catch the burglar, who now lay curled up in a little black heap on a rug by the door.



OCTOBER.

SUBJECT: MOTHER NATURE. STORY: JIMMY'S HARVEST.

"O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."

Our studies in Home Life in September will have prepared the little people for an introduction to "Mother Nature." Teach them to know her, not alone from the "scientific point of view" — which may be laid out in the "Course of Study" — but to love her beautiful and artistic moods as well.

For instance, ask the little folks to tell you of something beautiful seen on the way to school some morning, and when they mention the exquisite blue sky, let them try to paint it.

Wash the paper over with clean water, and then put on a wash of clear blue. Leave some white places in the paper for the fleecy clouds.

Some day, if possible, have a painting lesson out of doors, where if they "stand and stare all's blue."

This will be the time to paint the trees in their gorgeous autumn robes. Never is nature so lavish with her

colors as now, and the children follow her example. What delight they take in splashing on the paint! Carmine and gamboge run riot over the drawing sheet, but that half hour of bliss will be remembered for many weeks to come.

Give the children different kinds of leaves to "trace around" on drawing paper. Let them cut these out carefully and mount on colored paper. Maple and oak are particularly pretty when neatly done. They furnish excellent designs for sewing cards and studies for painting, also.

Sketches of leaves and fruit simply done may be put on the blackboard for the children to copy for seat work.

Taking a "leaf's picture" is very fascinating. Procure at a photographic supply store a package of "blue print" in small sheets. (As you open the package be careful to let no light strike the paper.)

Let the children select a small leaf, place it on a sheet of "blue print," and put both inside a camera printing frame, if you have one. If not, put between a piece of cardboard and a piece of window glass, slipping rubber bands over the ends to hold all together.

Stand the frame in a window in strong sunlight for a few minutes or until the paper has a "bronze" effect. Then remove it and put it in a bowl of clean water, being sure that the children see the change that takes place.

You should now have a beautiful white leaf on a blue background.

A row of different kinds of leaves mounted on gray paper makes an artistic border for a short blackboard. Flowers that can be pressed flat, like daisies and asters, "take good pictures." The blue prints mounted on white make pretty covers for the children's drawings. Let the children draw the flowers and leaves and see if they can make as good pictures as the sun did.

Taking a leaf's impression in clay requires careful work from the little fingers.

Let the children make little plaques of clay, round or square, about 3 x 3 and ½ an inch thick. Press the leaf into the plastic material; remove carefully and the impression will remain. With a paste slat or tooth pick depress the clay around the impression and the leaf will stand out in bold relief.

When the children have acquired a little more skill, teach them to model a leaf, and lay it upon the plaque. With a pencil make a hole in the plaque, tie in a piece of worsted and hang up the best ones for a while before returning them to the clay jar in the cellar.

Lead the children to notice how Mother Nature cares for all her children. The trees are getting the buds' winter clothes ready. See the woolly blankets some wear and the water proof rain coats of others.

The caterpillars are getting ready for winter, some in one way, others in another; the birds are going south; the days grow shorter and the leaves are falling.

Choose some particular tree to watch and see how its aspect changes from day to day. Many homes will be discovered in it also, and the little people will begin to feel the universality of home life.

"The Child's World," by Emilie Poulsson contains good nature stories as well as Wiltse's "Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks."

Susan Coolidge's poem, "I'll Tell You How the

Leaves Came Down," may be learned to recite in concert.

"Songs for Little Children," Parts I. and II., Eleanor Smith, and "Songs and Games for Little Ones," Jenks and Walker, contain excellent songs and games for this month.

"Dainty Milkweed Babies," "Good bye to Summer," "The Squirrel," "Where do All the Daisies Go?" "Five Little Chickadees," "Come, Little Leaves," make a good list.

Ask the children to bring as many kinds of vegetables and fruits as possible for models for clay work, drawing and painting. It is well to let them draw from memory also.

A Little Game.

"I am thinking of something," says the teacher, "that is round and red, and that grows on a tree. It is good to eat, and is ripe in the summer time."

Willie guesses "cherries," and it is now his turn "to think of something."

The descriptions will not be very accurate at first, and if no one can guess what Willie has in mind, let him draw it on the board. (Free illustrations should be connected with every subject if you wish to secure ready little "artists.")

Limit the game to fruit one day, vegetables another, birds, trees, leaves, etc. It can be varied indefinitely to save it from monotony.

The kindergarten "First Gift" is a great aid in teaching form and color. It consists of six soft balls of the rainbow colors. Many delightful little games can be played with them.

Here is one:

Place the balls in a ring and blindfold some child while one or two balls are taken away. Uncover the eyes and sing,

"Now tell, little playmate, which has gone from the ring,
And if you guess rightly we'll clap as we sing."

(Other articles and the children themselves may be substituted for the balls.)

Another:

Put the balls in a basket and let some child sell them as fruit, singing: "Who will buy my lemons yellow," "apples red," etc. The one who buys hides his ball, and when all are sold the little fruit dealer is to see if he can remember who purchased from him, and what each one bought.

Others will be found in kindergarten song books as well as directions for tree, flower and bird games appropriate to the month.

Now that the autumn migration of birds is going on, many empty nests may be found, especially in the country. It is well to have as many different specimens as possible. It is not always necessary to have them about the room as

"ornaments" to catch the dust, but they should be laid away for a time of need.

If you like to observe special days, October will give you Discovery Day, with the story of Columbus, and the

first link in American history. These patterns of the King and Queen of Spain, and the Indians were cut from some child's magazine several years ago. They were

designed to be traced and cut from cardboard patterns, and have given delight to many little people.

Harvesting is going on out in the fields and gardens. Vegetables are being put into the cellars, fruits are being gathered and canning and jelly making are taking place at home.

We will fold a cupboard.

Place a five-inch square of paper on the desk with an edge looking at you. Fold right edge to left edge; open

it, fold right edge to center line; fold left edge to center line. The two last folds make the doors.

Draw three pencil lines inside for shelves and we will fill them with cans of fruit and glasses of jelly. These should be cut from colored paper and neatly pasted on the "shelves." The cutting may be "free hand," but more pleasing results will be obtained if the children are given cardboard patterns of cans and glasses.

Acorns make charming tea-sets.

Jack-knives are not very plenty in first year rooms, but if the teacher makes a cup or two by cutting off the top

of an acorn and adding a bit of wire, or a bent pin for a handle, and a teapot with a piece of toothpick for a nose, some big brother at home will help little sister make a whole tea-set for the school-room doll, and the "dainty milk weed babies" will make a fine sofa cushion for Miss Dolly.

No doll is ever more loved than the school-room doll, I am sure.

I have in mind now a kindergarten doll that had seen many years of active service. Her head was made of some kind of metal with an enamel coating, and she had belonged to Miss Kate herself — the kindergartner — when a little girl. She rejoiced in the name of Daisy Ellen.

Daisy Ellen had such beautiful clothes! They were made of stout cotton, with buttons and button holes, and could be truly washed and ironed.

She wore a thick warm coat and bonnet in the winter, had mittens and overshoes, and a dear little canvas bag in which she always carried her night dress when she went out to spend the night. She was somewhat of a "gad about," I must confess, for she seldom spent two nights in succession at the same house.

What tales she might have told of the homes she visited and what sermons she probably preached of the desirability of clean, plain wearing apparel, but being a discreet as well as a well bred young woman, she made no reports on her return.

But Tilly, black-haired, black-eyed Tilly, was going to California. Tilly had few of this world's goods that she could call her own, and when Miss Kate bade her farewell she *gave* her Daisy Ellen to be her traveling companion during the long journey.

Another doll that I knew was found on the school tree at Christmas time.

This was a baby doll, and she was taken home to be washed regularly, once a week, by some little girl who craved the privilege.

The request was granted when the mamma at home had been consulted by the little maiden and her consent won, never otherwise. There were too many real babies in those homes, and too much "washing" already without adding anything extra.

How many new bonnets "Ella" had that year it would be difficult to say, but a new one a month would be a low estimate. They were always made by a "first year" amateur milliner from a poor little scrap of muslin or silk, found probably in somebody's ragbag.

There were many discussions between teacher and pupils as to what food Ella should eat, and finally beer, black coffee, and tea were omitted from *her* diet. Would that they might have been eliminated from that of her caretakers.

Poor Ella! do you still occupy a corner of the lower

shelf in the school-room cupboard or have you been consigned to the rubbish heap in the back alley?

The month grows old, the evenings are chilly, bonfires light up the night, and Hallowe'en is here.

Don't forget the fun with Jack-o'-lanterns, and remember to tell Brownie stories with their tricks and frolics.

We will go to the Perry Company again for pictures, for they have plenty that cost but a penny each.

Some of Landseer's animals, other pictures of dogs, rabbits, cats, and squirrels, with good prints of autumn scenes of harvesting, are most appropriate for this month.

Jimmy's Harvest.

Alice L. Beckwith.

"Do you want any vegetables this morning, Miss Lucy?" asked Jimmy Finch, as he left his cart in front of Miss Lucy Hawkins' steps and tapped lightly on her screen door.

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Lucy, as she walked briskly from the kitchen to the broad, sunny piazza. "What have you got?"

"Well, I guess about as fine things as any market in town. Everything is picked fresh. Here are squashes, pumpkins, melons, celery, and — oh! don't you want some nice beets? Here are turnips, too! You never saw better ones!"

"Those beets are nice. I'll take some of them, and those pumpkins look splendid! Brother John is very fond of pumpkin pie. How much is that one beside that winter squash?"

"That's ten cents," said Jim. "Thanks," as he deposited it on the steps and received his change. "I hope it will make a first rate pumpkin pie."

"Won't you stop and rest a while?" said Miss Lucy. "That cart must be pretty heavy for a *big* boy to draw, and a boy of your size must be pretty tired," glancing at his little crutch that he had just picked up.

"Perhaps I could, just a minute. Pitcher's Hill is kind of tough, but I don't mind the rest of the way, and my leg don't ache half as bad as it did when I first came."

"Just let me look into my oven a minute," said Miss Lucy, "and then I'll bring my beans out here to shell. Don't you want a cookie?" returning with a delicious plateful. "Put two or three in your pocket," as Jim thanked her most heartily; "they'll help you a sight up Pitcher's Hill.

"Are you going to stay with Deacon Clough all winter?"

"Oh, no, only until my vegetables are ripe," replied Jimmy.

"Oh, is that so? I was in hopes we were going to make an old settler out of you," said Miss Lucy, smiling. "How did you and Deacon Clough become such good friends?"

"Why," said Jimmy, drawing his chair nearer and taking a hand at the beans, "Deacon Clough offered to take some of these ah — pure air children, is it, you call 'em?"

"Yes, fresh air, same thing," said Miss Lucy, listening attentively.

"My teacher in the city knew Mr. Clough, and she got mother to let me come. We've had a fine time, all of us, but I couldn't jump on the hay, and run, and do the things

the other boys did, so I used to weed Mrs. Clough's flower bed.

"One day Mr. Clough told me if I'd like it he'd give me a piece of land for my own garden, and I could have what I raised."

Jimmy's eyes shone. "My! but I was glad! Don't it seem funny the way things grow? Why, when my beans wouldn't stay in the ground I kept covering them up and *covering them up*, until one day Mr. Clough came out and saw me. 'Why, sakes alive, Jimmy!' he said, 'that's the way they *grow!*'" and Jimmy laughed at the recollection.

"I suppose you are getting rich fast. What are you going to do with your money?"

"Oh, that's a secret, Miss Lucy. Only Mr. Clough and I know about it. I'd tell you if I could tell any one. Maybe I can some day. I must be going and get my vegetables sold or I shan't get my hoeing done. Thank you, ever so much, Miss Lucy. Your cookies are the best in town."

Miss Lucy laughed merrily. "Thank you; call again, Jimmy, and don't hurry too fast."

You could see Jimmy almost any day driving into town with Mr. Clough, or wheeling his little cart of vegetables through the streets of the little village.

Everybody bought something of the little boy, and his face beamed as his store of dimes grew larger.

"Think it's going to rain to-day?" said Mr. Hopkinson one day, when Jimmy carried over some potatoes.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, well, are you a weather prophet besides being a farmer?" asked Mr. Hopkinson, good-naturedly. "What makes you so sure?"

"When the ants leave a little opening in the top of their holes it's going to rain, but when they build them up round it is going to be dry. They were round this morning."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Hopkinson; "if you haven't the science fine! You beat the 'Farmers' Almanac.'"

"Jimmy," said Mr. Clough, one day, "what in the world are you going to do with those toads?" as Jimmy appeared with a dozen or more in a grape basket.

"Well, Mr. Clough, I'm going to try an experiment. I've tried to think of a way to keep out those bugs on my pumpkin vines. I happened to think Miss Gray said for us to be kind to toads, they were such a help to the farmer by eating his bugs; so I thought they wouldn't mind helping me if I gave them a good spot."

How he did enjoy those last October days!

The merchant, Mr. Jenks, bought all of his potatoes and onions.

Mr. Clough told him if he would stay until husking he would go shares with him on the corn.

Besides the garden produce, he gathered a great many nuts from the walnut trees on Mr. Clough's farm, and these found a ready market in the city five miles away, so when the husking was over he had what seemed to him a small fortune.

"I say, Jimmy," called Sam Jenks one morning, "will you sell me your best pumpkin there in the barn for thirty cents?"

"What do you want it for?" said Jimmy, sitting down on the fence to rest his poor leg.

"Why! for a Jack-o'-lantern. It will make the best of any in town."

Jimmy thought a minute.

"No," he said, "you can't have it."

"Oh, come now," coaxed Sam. "I'll give you my jack-knife, too."

Jimmy was firm. "No," he replied, "it's not for sale."

"Well, I call you stingy," said Sam hotly, as he found coaxing was of no use. "Keep it then. I hope it will spoil." He had had his eye on that pumpkin for a long time, and this was a disappointment.

"It won't," called Jimmy merrily, as he trudged up the hill.

When he told Mr. Clough about it that night at supper, his friend said, "Thirty cents was a good price for it; why didn't you let it go?"

Jimmy dropped his fork.

"I planted that when it was a little seed, and saw it grow into vines, and leaves, and bud, and biossom, and I watered it every night that dry spell. Now I could 'most get a prize on it at the County Fair. I wouldn't let the President of the United States or any other fellow have it for a Jack-o'-lantern, not if he give me a dollar!"

Mr. Clough shook with laughter, and Mother Clough said, "That's where you are right, my boy. I'd as soon give it to the pigs. But what are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, I'll find the best kind of use for it, you'll see."

Early one crisp November morning Miss Hawkins heard a team drive into the yard.

Upon going to the door she saw Deacon Clough with Jimmy perched on the high wagon seat beside him.

"Hello, Miss Lucy," he cried, his face beaming. "I've come to say good-bye. I'm going home, and I want to tell you what I'm going to do with my money. I've got *fifty dollars*, and Mr. Clough knows of a big doctor who's going to make my leg well. We're going to see him to-day. Isn't that jolly?"

"Good-bye," he called again, waving his little crutch as they drove away. "I'm coming back next summer and then I'll be a sure enough farmer."

"I may as well do the dishes," said Mrs. Clough,

wiping her eyes as the sound of the wagon wheels died away; "but how I shall miss that boy!"

She stooped to lift the dish pan from the little cupboard under the sink. What ailed it? It seemed to weigh a ton. "I never saw the like," she exclaimed, as she finally succeeded in getting it out, and there inside was Jimmy's precious pumpkin.

A note was twisted around the handle which read:

"*Dear Mrs. Clough:*

Please make a pie out of this for Thanksgiving. It will make a splendid one, won't it? I wish I could have a piece, but you and Mr. Clough can eat it for me. I was saving it for you all the time. I 'most know 'twould have took a prize.

With love from

JIMMY."

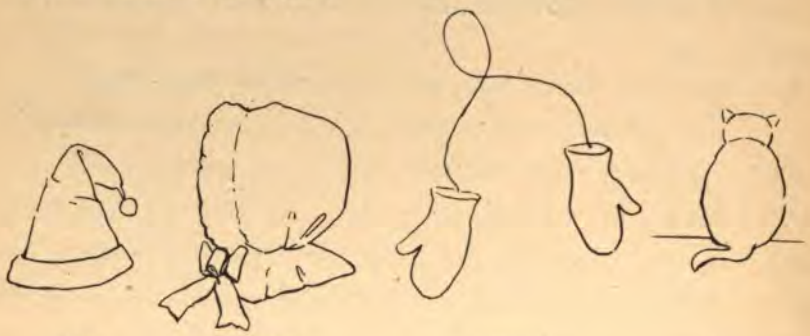
NOVEMBER.

SUBJECT: PREPARATION FOR WINTER. THANKSGIVING.

STORY: HOPE DESIRE'S THANKSGIVING.

"The days grow chill and the nights grow cold." Let us prepare for winter. The furnace fire must be lighted, stoves put up, houses banked, and double windows and storm doors added to keep out Jack Frost.

Little children wear gay caps, bright hoods, and warm mittens. Even kitty's fur and doggie's coat grow thicker as the weather changes.



CAP. HOOD. MITTENS. KITTY.

Mother Nature has been having a house cleaning time. The strong wind has carried her seeds hither and thither, blown away dead branches, swept her trees bare, and dried up the mud.

The little seeds and roots have been tucked up for the winter in the warm earth, under blankets of leaves, the squirrels have gathered their nuts, and with many other animals, both big and little, are ready for a long winter nap.

The cattle can no longer stay in the pasture, but are kept in the barns that are full of fragrant hay.

No sighing about "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year," from little children, but thankful hearts when the cold comes for bright fires and warm clothes; glad, too, that the birds are enjoying the warm southland, and that the flowers are tucked up snug and warm, even if we do miss them.

Teach "The Farmer," and "The Miller," from the Poulsson Finger Plays this month in connection with harvesting.

Ernest Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," and Kipling's "Jungle Stories," contain excellent tales that can be adapted for the children if they are told and not read to them. "Proserpina" is one of the best myths for this season.

But it is this month that contains the glad home coming day, Thanksgiving, so dear to all our hearts, and the latter part of November finds us looking forward to the gala day.

Because I have found it full of profit and pleasure, I give here the account of one year's preparation.

Preparing for Thanksgiving.

"In three weeks 'twill be Thanksgiving," announced the small boy on Monday, as he held out his hand to say good morning to his teacher.

This gave the keynote for the first morning talk.

Why did we keep Thanksgiving? Was it just to "eat turkey," as a little girl down stairs had said on Friday? No, the children were all sure *that* was no reason at all, even if their ideas in regard to it were rather indefinite.

But Columbus and his voyage was a subject of too much interest to have been forgotten, so it was not difficult to introduce the Pilgrims.

We began the story with the leaving of the English home. The "whys" and "wherefores" of this they could not understand, of course, but the freedom of going to church wherever one pleased, in a land where one place of worship was as good as another, was not "over their heads."

The sojourn in Holland was particularly interesting. The quaint customs, the dykes, the storks, the skates, the boats, the windmills, and the wooden shoes made a most fascinating week.

Such books as "Little Folks of Other Lands," "Zig-zag Journeys," and "Hans Brinker," are very helpful, while for life among the Pilgrims, "Standish of Standish," by Jane Austen, is the very best of all.

At last we embarked on the "Mayflower," bade our friends farewell, and set sail for the new land.

We cut the boat, modeled our chests, cut trunks full of clothes and linen, sewed bonnets and hats, painted the sea, and learned many of the names of the voyagers.

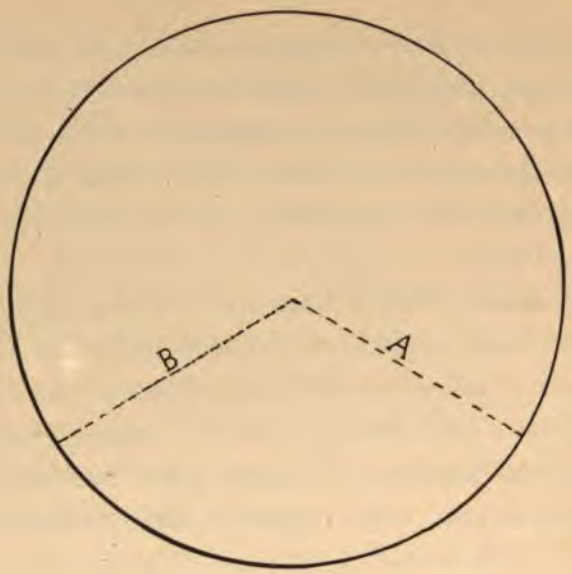
THE MAYFLOWER.

"But could they remember those, and how they must have been crammed! Of what use was it?"

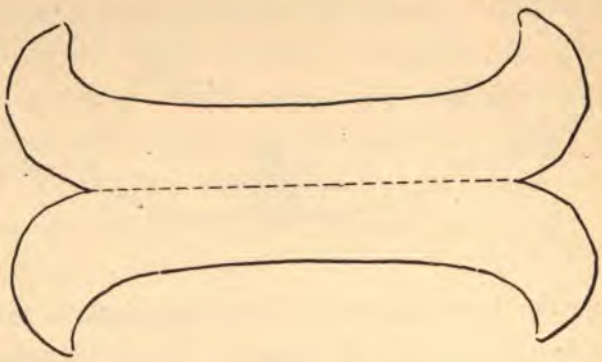
It may not have been of any great value, but it added much to the interest.

Each child could remember *one* name without taxing his memory very much, could he not, especially if it was given him for his own, and he *played* that he was that individual for eight whole days?

His teacher tried to remember all of the characters



PATTERN FOR WIGWAM.
Cut out one-third of circle — A B. Paste A and B together.



PATTERN FOR CANOE.
(Fold on dotted lines.)

drawings, was tied into little books for souvenirs to take home, a small picture of the departure from Delfthaven being pasted on the cover.

CANOE.
Sewed with worsted "over and over" at ends. Decorations — free-hand painting.

As the first Thanksgiving dinner was supposed to have been served out of doors with many Indians as invited guests, long tables were folded, and chairs also for the people (two-inch sticks), and added to the collection in the sand table.

For games we had, "This is the way we wash our clothes," in connection with the first historic washing day; sang the "Builders," played "The Cooper" in honor of John Alden, who made us tubs and pails, and as farmers, planted Indian corn.

"We go across the street,
Our neighbor dear to greet,"

was revised to read:

"We go across the street,
Priscilla dear, to greet,"

or "Miles Standish dear, to greet."

This proved a great favorite as it took in each child in turn.

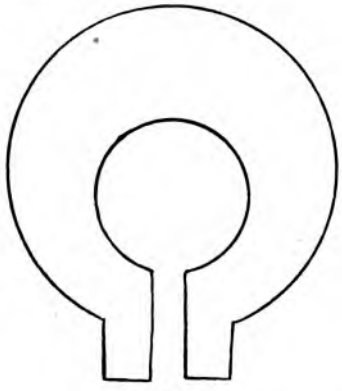
As the story of the brave little company went on from day to day, the "little Pilgrims" grew to be thankful for sun and rain, seed-time and harvest, and were ready to

PILGRIM HAT. PILGRIM.
(Cut or sewed.)

consider a day of "Praise and Thanksgiving" — a fit ending to the autumn season and were glad that the custom had been continued and handed down to us through the centuries.

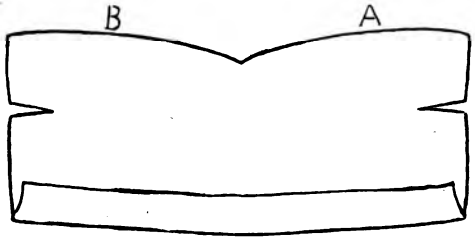
The gala day of all was the morning when the boys in white paper collars and cuffs, and the girls in Puritan caps sat around the long table for the Thanksgiving breakfast — a "truly" one.

Samp and molasses, fried cakes and apples made up the bill of fare. Before we had finished, some Indians arrived, and Samoset in a real Indian blanket, and feathers purloined from the hall duster, presented us with a basket of pop corn.

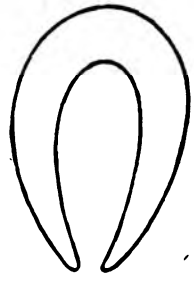


BOY'S COLLAR.

PURITAN CAP AND CUFF.



PATTERN FOR PURITAN CAP.



KERCHIEF.

"Did we do any reading and writing or just *play* all the time?"

Yes, we did a fair amount; enough so that the chil-

dren "passed in June," without any question being raised as to their fitness.

They were children with two years of kindergarten training, and perhaps the "Puritan blood" in their veins added to the intensity of their enthusiasm.

If one has no sand table, the village can be laid out on the number table, and if "Fifth Gifts" are wanting, every one has the one-inch cubes for number work, plenty of them. A two-inch square cut from manila drawing paper or "oak-tag" and folded through the center, will make an excellent roof to place on top of the prism made with two of the cubes.

> "We have not wings, we cannot soar,
> But we have feet to scale and climb,"

and if we can help the children to gain the height where they can look upon that devoted Pilgrim band with a little of the love and reverence they deserve, will it not be worth while in these twentieth century days when it is more the fashion to deride their strictness than to cherish their ideals to right and duty?

> "The feeling that finds no expression dies."

Hope Desire's Thanksgiving.

A. L. Beckwith.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Hope Desire Bradcot was down on her knees before the big fire-place cleaning the brass andirons and saying to herself, "Oh, I wish, how I wish I had a doll!"

Did you ever hear of such a thing! A little seven-year-old girl not to have a dolly! But Hope Desire's mamma didn't believe in dolls, and Hope Desire herself was a little Puritan girl who lived many long, long years ago.

"Come, child," called Mother Bradcot, "you have scoured those irons long enough now. Sit down and learn your catechism. Uncle Lovejoy and Aunt Thankful will be here to-morrow and they'll want to hear you say it."

Hope took down the book from the shelf near the old clock, and sat down in one corner of the long high-backed wooden bench called a "settle," but all the time she was thinking of Betty Oldfield's doll.

"Oh, if I only had one!" she sighed, again and again.

Betty Oldfield was the little girl who lived next door, and this very morning she had shown Hope a "real truly" doll that her sailor-uncle had brought her from Holland, the only one Hope Desire had ever seen in all her life. Think of that!

"Oh, it is so beautiful!" Hope said to herself. "All

made of wood, with big, black eyes, and a red nose and mouth, and it has a cap too, with a ruffle like grandma's, and a dress that buttons!"

"Can't I make one out of something? Oh, I could, I do believe I could out of a corn cob, only there's this catechism to learn and twenty rows to knit on father's socks before supper, and it is two o'clock already. But I *do* want Cousin Waitstill to see it to-morrow."

Then a little frightened look came into her eyes and her cheeks grew very red as she thought, "I'll do it after I go to bed. Mother lets me put out my own candle now, nobody will know, and anyhow I *must* have a doll," and she thought and planned about it as she worked away the rest of the afternoon.

"Come, daughter," said her mother when the supper things had been put away, "it is bed-time; say good-night to father and grandmother. We must be up be-times to-morrow."

Quickly the little candle was lighted, the good-nights said, and she hurriedly undressed and crept into bed.

Then she listened! She heard her father wind the clock, rake the ashes over the fire, bolt and bar the outside door, and then all was quiet.

Hardly daring to breathe, she drew from under the pillow a fat round corn cob from which she had stripped the corn when she went to feed the hens that day.

Then with fear and trembling she went to work.

How still it was! Not a sound could be heard save her own little frightened heart that went thump! thump! Her cold fingers flew fast, the candle burned lower and lower, and she wondered what her mother would say if she knew.

But what a beauty the doll was going to be!

Some scraps of old white linen from the rag-bag made a cap, and a piece of her own best linsey-woolsey gown made a dress, while a corner of an old shawl wrapped round Miss Dolly's shoulders covered up her lack of arms.

"You must have a name, dear," whispered the little girl. "Betty calls her doll Barbara, and you shall be Dorothy Ann;" then with a piece of charcoal that she had saved from the ashes, the last fine touches — eyes, nose, and mouth — were added, just as the old kitchen clock rang out ten.

Almost too frightened to move she blew out the light in breathless haste, and covering dear Dorothy Ann's charcoal mouth with kisses, she clasped her tight in her arms and cuddled down under the warm bedclothes.

"Oh, oh!" she said as she tried to go to sleep, "I was never up so late in all my life. What will mother do to me?"

The warm sunlight was streaming in through the one little thick glass window when Hope Desire's mother called

"Come, daughter," and she awoke to find it Thanksgiving Day. Dorothy Ann, with her big charcoal eyes, was lying on the pillow beside her.

Not daring to let the doll be seen she stowed it away in her little corner cupboard and ran down stairs to set the table for breakfast.

By the time the dishes were washed, and the catechism said again, Uncle Lovejoy, Aunt Thankful and Waitstill arrived; then they all went to meeting, walking in a solemn line to the place of worship.

Would *you* like to sit still in church for three long, dreary hours, on a wooden bench with no back, on Thanksgiving Day? This was what little Hope Desire was expected to do.

Was it any wonder that the brown eyes, open so late the night before, should grow drowsy and that the little tired head should nod? Fainter and fainter grew the preacher's voice, farther and farther away it sounded, and in spite of Cousin Waitstill's warning glances and quiet nudgings, a dreadful thing happened. Hope Desire Bradcot fell fast asleep!

But even this was not the worst!

The "tithing-man," always on the watch, saw her and came and gave her two sharp little raps with his long stick that had a rabbit's foot at the end.

Poor Hope Desire! The disgrace was too much. She

grew red and white; then the hot blinding tears came as she thought of a little girl who sat up till ten o'clock the night before dressing Dorothy Ann, when she should have blown out the candle at seven.

What should she do? How could she face them all at dinner? Would they let her *have* any dinner, and would meeting never be done?

The preacher said "Amen" at last, and the people walked solemnly home.

Not a word was spoken to Hope Desire until the house was reached; then her father, with a stern face, led her to her grandmother, who was too old and feeble to go to meeting, and said, "Our daughter has disgraced the name of Bradcot. She fell asleep in meeting-time and was wakened by the tithing-man."

This was more than the poor child could bear; she rushed into her room, drew Dorothy Ann from her hiding-place, and threw herself into her mother's arms, sobbing out the whole story.

"Will you forgive me, mother?" she moaned, and Mother Bradcot, who was very much like mothers the world over, hugged her up to her and said, "Yes, child, but you must go to bed at sundown for a week — you and Dorothy Ann."

DECEMBER.

SUBJECT: LOVING AND GIVING. CHRISTMAS.

STORY: A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas bells, Christmas trees,
Christmas voices on the breeze;
We send 'A Merry Christmas' through the air,
We send 'A Merry Christmas' everywhere."

There is a pretty custom in vogue in some kindergartens of observing the children's birthdays as they occur during the year.

"One of our friends has a birthday," announces the kindergartner to whom the secret has been confided, when the children are assembled in the morning circle. "Those who do not know about it may guess."

Sometimes the little face betrays nothing, but often the sparkling eye and "best dress" make guessing easy.

"Yes, it is Mamie's birthday. Shall we sing the song for her?"

"All hail to thee, fair morning,
The first of all the year!
When gleams the ruddy sunshine
We'll shout with voices clear.

Oh, a happy new year to Mamie dear,
  To Mamie dear, so dear,
Oh, a happy new year to Mamie dear,
  To Mamie dear, so dear.

The old year has departed
  With all its gifts of cheer,
And now with smiles to greet us,
  Behold the new appear.
Oh, a happy new year," etc.

From "Songs and Games for Little Ones." Jenks and Walker.

During the singing of the chorus all bow and salute Mamie.

Now, the birthday child chooses her favorite song, leads in the march, chooses the play she likes best at game time, and is allowed to "help" more than the others during the morning, "for it is her birthday, you know."

Perhaps Mamie brings a treat for the whole class, and no matter how simple the lunch may be it is very much appreciated, and she is the happiest of all because she has been the cause of so much pleasure to others.

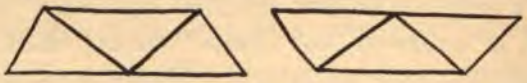
Let us adopt this custom and remember the children's birthdays in some simple way.

A picture may be framed with paper foldings as a token of love to take home. The miniature Perry Pictures are good for this purpose. The Educational Publishing Company, Boston, have Thorwaldsen's "Night and Morn-

ing," and several other standard prints which they sell in sheets (ten or more in a sheet), for a few cents.

The birthday child should choose his picture and mount it on white or gray cardboard about 7 x 7. He should also choose a pretty tint of folding paper for the frame. The following is an easy pattern:

Fold a five inch square of paper into six small squares by folding front edge to back, right edge to left, front edge to middle crease, back edge to middle crease, right and left edges to middle crease. Three squares folded in this way will probably be enough for a room full of children. Cut the papers in the creases and give one small square to each child.



SMALL SQUARES FOLDED.

To fold a small square: Have a corner looking at you; fold front corner to back corner; (do not open); fold back corner to middle front edge. By alternating the foldings in pasting them around the edge of the cardboard, the edges will join, no gaps be left, and square corners can be made.

If any foldings are left they can be saved till another birthday child chooses the same color.

Do not think the child will not appreciate this little souvenir. He will, even though he have many presents at

home; for all united to make this for him, and he should learn to value gifts for the love that goes into the making.

Whittier's birthday comes this month, and if you like to celebrate, there are many incidents connected with his life that make good stories. Let his benign face look down upon the little flock, sketch a picture of his home, and tell of the loved ones that it sheltered.

They will like to roam the fields with "The Barefoot Boy" and go to school with the little girl who loved him. His pets, the dog, the squirrel, and the parrot, are all interesting; and be sure to read them his "Red Riding-Hood." What prettier picture can you find of a generous soul than the little maid out in the shrieking gale, dropping

> "For beast and bird forlorn
> Her little store of nuts and corn"?

Have the children close their eyes, name the different objects, and tell how they look.

Paint a word picture so that they will feel the beauty of it, and really love Red Riding-Hood. Then they may illustrate it.

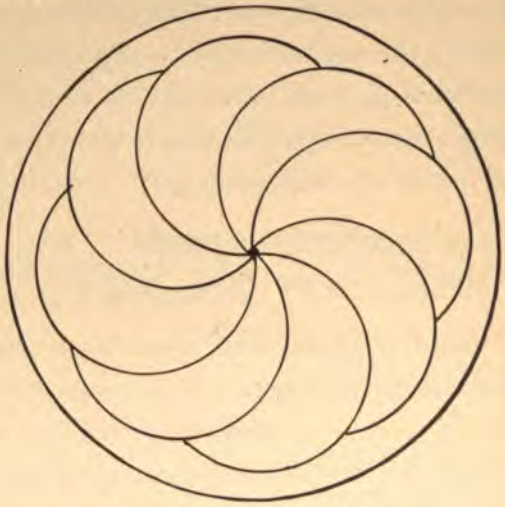
A pencil sketch lies before me, done by a little boy of seven, in which I can feel the wind blow as I look at Red Riding-Hood's dress and watch the squirrel poising on the drift.

The centre of interest, however, will be Christmas.

Let us take advantage of it and begin the work early so that we may enjoy the spirit of it.

If our previous talks have been of home life and the love there, now is a chance for the children to show an appreciation of that love in the joy of giving.

As we have a rollicking time with St. Nick, each child can feel that he is a little Santa Claus, while the tiny fingers make pretty gifts for the home people.



PATTERN FOR MATCH SCRATCHER.

When possible, have the children earn the few pennies that will be needed. The gifts will then seem entirely their own. A very good way is to have a mother's meeting, and explain what is wanted, and when those good helpers, the mothers, are interested, success is sure to follow.

Let the gifts be simple ones. Intricate patterns will prove a delusion and a snare, and the work too soiled to use when completed.

Square weaving mats folded into envelopes with sheet wadding and perfume powder inside, make the prettiest of sachets for mamma; a simple pattern sewed on a card, with sand paper glued to the back, will make a match scratcher that will please papa. Folding, cutting, and parquetry make pretty decorations for screens, boxes, and frames.

Procure some sheets of stiff cardboard, 7 x 9, and soft gray in color, some three inch calendar pads, and some Madonnas from the Perry Company. Cut off the white margin from the pictures and let each child choose one.

Draw a pencil line two inches from the top of the cardboard and let him paste the top of the picture on that line. Underneath have him paste the calendar and put a little ribbon through two holes you have punched at the top, to hang it up by. See if it is not pretty enough to be placed in any home.

If the children are equal to it, a little booklet may be made. Use drawing or water color paper for the covers, and have a spray of holly done in paint, or colored pencils. Have some song or poem copied on plain paper, four lines on a sheet, and tie between the covers.

"A Christmas Hymn," by Eleanor Smith, is pretty for

this, as the lines are short. Mamma will prize this as "Charlie's first writing."

Little Christmas quotations may be put upon the board, one each day, for the little folks to copy.

Give them a cardboard pattern of a stocking, good size, and let them cut white paper stockings to write the quotations on. Warn them that the *toes* must all point

BOOKLET COVER.

one way. Keep them in an envelope until they have a half dozen, and then make the covers of water color paper. Paint a bright heel and toe; stripe the legs, and tie the white leaves between.

Making paper chains and stringing popcorn for decorations will keep restless hands busy, and give much enjoyment. Some children can bring corn all ready for stringing,

others some on the cob, and if the janitor is good-natured, he will pop it, or let you, over the furnace fire.

Memory goes back to one stormy morning with few

STOCKING FOR COVER.

children present, when corn stringing was welcomed with great glee for the occupation periods.

The little fingers flew fast and before the allotted time

was over the corn was growing dolefully less. More was promised at recess, but it seemed long to wait.

Finally Harry, a little Norwegian boy, exclaimed, "Oh, if you'll just *hustle up* and pop it now we'll go without recess, and we'll sing for you all the time you're popping it."

Nobody could resist that appeal, so the "hustling" and the popping were undertaken to the accompaniment of the Christmas carol which floated down the basement stairs.

Ask the mothers to "blow" the eggs they will use for cake that week, by making a little hole in the end and blowing through, and to give the shells to the children for their Christmas work.

A little strip of paper pasted over one end for a handle, and decorations in water color, colored pencils or gold paint added and you have very pretty tree ornaments.

Tell all of the different customs of keeping Christmas in other lands that you can find — for we are learning that homes are not all alike — and study the poems and legends that bear upon the subject.

If we have kept each child's birthday, what added interest there will be in the keeping of the birthday of the Christ-child, and in the knowledge that it is kept "where'er the sun does his successive journeys run."

The Bible Christmas Story — why is it not more interesting to the children? Is it because we talk about "a

babe wrapped in swaddling clothes," "wise men," and "frankincense and myrrh" in our endeavor to be exact — words that mean nothing to them? May we not tell it this once as we would any other story, with descriptions of the country and people, the journey of the men and camels, and the sheep asleep upon the hillside? Then make the center of interest the Baby, a real baby, that they will wish to see and love, and leave the story with the thought that people loved Him because He was such a loving Boy, and only kind loving deeds find any place as we keep His birthday.

When the presents to take home are all finished, a little tree is very nice decorated entirely with the children's handiwork, chains, strings of corn, tree ornaments, and the little gifts for papa and mamma. It requires no elaborate preparation. The singing of the carols the children have already learned, a story told by the teacher, and the distribution of the little gifts to the parents is quite enough for entertainment. Don't spoil it by having any presents for the children. Let that part be for the home.

If you are not going to have a tree and want "the best kind of fun," with little trouble or expense, try

Saint Thomas's Staff.

You will need a little spruce tree about four feet tall.

Perhaps if you are in the country the chairman of the school board will procure this for you and fit it into a solid

block of wood. Anyway you can get one just the right size at a Christmas supply store.

Next, get six or eight sheets of pale pink tissue paper, the prettiest tint that you can find, and half as many sheets of dark green, the color of the tree. At a "fancy goods" counter, get some wee brass bells, kettles, coal-hods and dolls, not any of them to be over an inch long.

A spool of coarse, black linen thread, a spool of fine wire, a yard of narrow lace, and a spool of pink embroidery silk the color of the pink paper, completes the outfit.

From the pink tissue paper, cut twice as many circles five and a half inches in diameter as there are children.

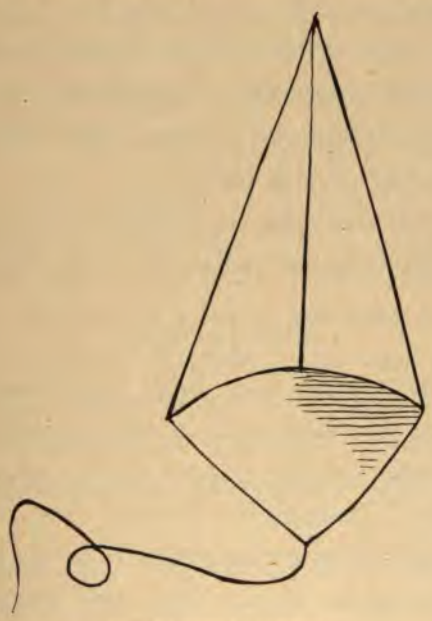
CIRCLE FOLDED FOR FLOWERS.

Then, putting two circles together (one above the other), fold them in quarters, folding front to back, and then left to right.

Holding the lower left corner in your left hand, run the paper through the fingers of the right hand until it is well "crinkled." Then smooth it out a little, still holding

it at the center, and you will have a very pretty pink flower, with a double row of petals.

Dress one of the dolls in a scrap of the lace; fasten it in the center of the flower with a bit of the embroidery silk and wire the blossom to the end of one of the branches



CAPS TO COVER FLOWERS.

of the little spruce tree. Make as many blossoms as there are children, putting a little trinket in each one. Cut as many five and a half inch squares from the green tissue paper as you have children.

Place a square on the table with an " edge looking at

you," and paste the *back* edge and the *left* edge together. At the back left corner tie a piece of linen thread a yard and a half long.

Put these caps or cornucopias over the flowers on the tree, twisting the lower points lightly around the stem to hold it in place.

The tree now stands covered with green buds just ready to burst into blossom. To prevent the threads from tangling, they should be wound into little skeins and pinned to the top of the buds.

The day you close for the holidays after the carols and story, tell a little tale somewhat after this fashion:

The Legend.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a man named Thomas, who had such a loving heart, and did so many kind deeds, that the people in the village where he lived called him "Thomas the Good."

As the years went by he grew to be very old, and one Christmas morning he awoke with the thought, "For the first time in my life I have no little remembrances to give my friends. My hands are now too feeble to carve toys for the children or to make little useful articles for the mothers. Ah, well! I can only give them my love this time," but he felt a little sad about it.

Going to the door of his little house, he looked up at the

gray sky and the golden stars fading away one by one, and prayed that only loving thoughts and kind deeds should find any room in the world on the Christ-child's birthday.

As he prayed, lo! the staff on which he leaned suddenly changed into a tiny tree, and as he gazed with wondering eyes, it budded and then blossomed into the most wonderful flowers he had ever seen.

Oh, was he not happy then! With a joyous heart he broke off every blossom, and filling a little basket with them, he went from house to house, leaving one of the beautiful flowers on every doorstep.

The people when they found them cried, "They are as lovely as the flowers of heaven are said to be; Thomas the Good must have left them," and they cared for them and loved them, calling them "St. Thomas's roses."

When you finish, have the tree — which the children must know *nothing* about — brought in and placed in full view.

How big the eyes are! What is it? It does not look quite like a Christmas tree.

"It makes me think of St. Thomas's tree," says some one.

Now form a ring, or a double ring if you are cramped for space, around the staff.

Give to each child one of the linen threads to hold, and tell him not to pull it a bit.

Oh the mystery and delight of it!
What is coming?

> "We're planting now St. Thomas's staff,
> Upon this festive day,
> And it will blossom bright ere long,
> Just as the legends say,"

recites the teacher, and adds,

"One, two, three, pull." Off come the green caps and the tree is covered with its wealth of pink blossoms. It is ever so pretty. One moment of breathless silence and the "ohs" and "ahs" begin. After it has been admired for some time, cut off the flowers, each in its setting of little green branches and give one to each child to take home. Pin it to his outside coat, as there is no danger of freezing these blossoms.

For room decorations, the pictures trimmed with green branches of pine, spruce or laurel, are very pretty, and festoons of paper chains in red and green add to the attractiveness of the place.

Get as many Madonna pictures as you can — and no teacher need be without a good supply — and let each child choose his favorite one to frame and take home.

The old poem,

> "'Twas the night before Christmas,
> When all through the house,

Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse,"

the children enjoy dramatizing.

Stockings may be drawn by the children on the board, and when the curtains are down and the children asleep, Santa, of course, comes and fills them. When morning comes let the little folks draw beside their stockings what Santa put inside.

A Merry Christmas.

"Good morning, Tom. How nice and warm the room is!" said Miss Sanderson, one cold, frosty morning, to Tom Blackey, the Hooker School janitor, a boy of sixteen.

"Only a few more days and then Christmas and vacation. Aren't you glad, Tom?"

"No, I'm not. I wish Christmas was years off," and Tom gave his brush a violent bang.

"Not glad!" said Miss Sanderson in amazement. "Not glad of Christmas, and no dirty rooms to sweep for two weeks? Why, Tom, what's gone wrong? You must be crazy!"

"Christmas is nice enough for the rich who have all they want," said Tom, sullenly, "but the fellows like us don't have no fun. I wouldn't mind it for myself, you see, but it's the little one," and for a moment Tom's face softened.

"Poor Tim, if it wasn't for Christmas he wouldn't miss things so."

"Who's Tim?" asked Miss Sanderson.

"Why, Tim is my brother. He fell and hurt his back when he was a little shaver, and he's never been the same since. He can't walk much, and lately has been worse. He's been teasing me to take him down town to see the show windows, so I did the other night.

"In McGregor's window was a little rocking chair with red cushions that took the little chap's eye. He's got it into his head that if he's good, and don't cry when his back aches, that maybe, on Christmas Day, Santa Claus will bring it to him. Every night he'll say, 'My back won't hurt so bad in my little chair, mother'; and it hurts me that bad to have him disappointed that I feel like fisting the first fellow that says Christmas.

"Does the work here want to be erased, ma'am?"

"No, I'll save that a little longer; that's all this morning, thank you. Here, take this orange to Tim and tell him Miss Sanderson sent it."

Just before the bell rang for dismissal Miss Sanderson said: "I've a story to tell you, boys and girls, a real true story. How many of you are glad that Christmas is coming?"

"Why, we all are," answered a chorus of voices.

"What is Christmas for? It is a time when we should try to make some one happy beside ourselves, is it not? So papa and mamma are planning good times for you, and you are all hoping for some nice present, something you have been wishing for, for a long time, perhaps.

"Well, down on Myrtle Street lives a little boy who wants Christmas to come very much, too. But he isn't strong and well, like you. He has a weak little back, and he can't even walk. Every day he counts on his little thin

fingers the days that are left before Christmas, because he hopes that Santa Claus will bring him something he has wanted very much.

"No, Willie, it isn't a tin horse, or a drum, or a train of cars. It's a little chair in McGregor's window. It has soft red cushions, and he thinks they would keep his little back from aching."

"Is his father going to buy it for him?" asked Sammie, from the back seat.

"He hasn't any father, and his mother is too poor, and his brother — our Tom, who takes care of the school room — can't spare the money, because he has to buy coal and things to eat. Now think how disappointed he will feel if he doesn't get it."

"Oh!" said several voices, and the sober faces watched Miss Sanderson, anxiously.

"Perhaps he might get it," said one little voice.

"Perhaps he might," said Miss Sanderson, brightening. "There are thirty children in our room and thirty in Miss Lannon's. If each boy and girl could earn five cents, it would help very much. Think it over, and tell me in the morning."

"We could, we could," cried eager voices, as Miss Sanderson bade them good night.

Miss Sanderson's children came from homes where there were not many spare pennies and their chances for

earning money were few, so she was a little doubtful of her experiment; but the next morning assured her of its success.

"How many remembered the story I told you last night?" she asked, when school had been called to order.

"I did, teacher," and a tiny hand waved in the air, while another dove into the pocket of a pair of baggy trousers. "Here's a nickel for an extra shine," and a pair of black eyes beamed with pure delight.

"Good!" exclaimed Miss Sanderson.

"Here's three cents," and another grimy hand went up. "A lady gave it to me because I saw her drop her handkerchief. I did want to buy some candy lions at Smith's bad, but I thought of our boy and I put 'em in my pocket and ran to school."

"That's fine!" and Miss Sanderson's face was wreathed with smiles. "Now, little folks, what do you think! Mr. Patty says he is going to tell all the boys and girls in the building about Tim, and he has fastened a little tin box on the door of his office, and every time we have any spare pennies we will go and drop them in. Then in ten days, the Friday before Christmas, we will count up and see if we have enough. Be careful not to let Tom know and we will surprise him, too."

The days came and went, and every day brought contributions for the box. No one was allowed to beg for

money at home; each penny must be earned, and the ways were numerous.

"I've got a nickel," cried Celina one morning. "Grandpa paid it to me 'cause I sat still and stopped talking for ten minutes by the clock," and her knobby braids bobbed with glee as she skipped to the office.

"Hard earned money," laughed Miss Sanderson to herself.

"How's Tim?" she asked Tom one noon as he came in to erase the boards.

"Pretty plucky; he's dead set on Christmas, and it's too bad. I'm going to buy him a drawing book, but he just can't have the chair."

Friday afternoon came at last, and the last mite had been deposited. Mr. Patty met all the children in the lecture room at three o'clock. The box was in his hand.

There was breathless silence. Each eager face watched Mr. Patty as he poured the contents on the table. Did it ever take so long for pennies to be counted before? But what a pile!

Nine dollars and ninety-five cents, and a nickel makes —"Ten," shouted the chorus, as Mr. Patty pulled one out of his pocket and added it to the precious pile.

"We can buy a wheel chair, now," said the principal, "and perhaps Tim can come to school next summer."

Such a clapping as there was! Tim almost could have heard it down on Myrtle Street.

Tom heard it down in the basement, and said to himself, "Wonder what's up? Something about Christmas, most likely," and he looked pretty sober.

"I'll buy the chair," continued Mr. Patty, "and see that it is sent to the house to-night. Will that do? Do you think you can trust me to pick it out?"

"Yes, sir," came as one voice, and then the children were dismissed.

"What makes you so cross, Tommy?" asked Tim, as Tom sat by the stove warming his feet after supper. "Christmas is to-morrow, you know, and then we'll be glad."

"I ain't cross, little one," said Tom, as he lifted the little cripple upon his knee.

"Tom's tired," said his mother, "that's all. You had better undress now, dear, and creep into bed."

"All right," said Tim. "I just can't wait to see if Santa brings me my chair in the morning."

"Whatever will we do, mother?" said Tom, when the house was quiet. "The poor little chap will feel so bad."

"I know it," said his mother, "but I have knit him the stockings, you have bought the drawing book, and the fruit man on the corner sent him three oranges. It's the best we can do. Hark! Someone is knocking at the door. Go and see, Tom."

Tom went, and his excited cry of "Mother!" brought Mrs. Blackey to his side in an instant. There, all twined with evergreen, stood such a pretty wheel-chair, with the reddest, softest cushions imaginable. In the seat was a bouncing turkey, Mr. Patty's contribution, and tied to the arms were bags full of all sorts of good things that the other teachers had sent. Tom was so bewildered he could hardly help his mother carry it into the kitchen.

A card was tied to the back which read:

"The boys and girls of Hooker School,
Are trying to follow the Golden Rule,
So they've bought this chair for little Tim,
And send it by Santa Claus to him."

"Well, I never!" said Tom, again and again. "Seems as if it must be a dream."

It was put by Tim's bed, when Tom and Mrs. Blackey finally calmed down enough to bid each other good-night, and the next thing Tom heard was a little voice calling out in the early morning, "Oh my, oh my! Mother! Tommy! Come quick! It's come, it's come! only it's finer than the one in the window," and hiding his face in the pillow he sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Come, my boy," said Mrs. Blackey, "aren't you glad?"

"Glad," sobbed poor Tim. "I am so happy I think I shall die."

Tom was quickly dressed and before little Tim could wipe his eyes he was wheeling him all through the house.

"Oh, I am so glad I didn't cry yesterday, Tommy dear. Now it seems as if I was almost a well boy with a straight back."

JANUARY.

Subject: Divisions of Time.

Story: Cornelia's Hiding Place.

"The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own."

How shall we welcome it? Here is one way. After the songs and talk on the first school morning of the glad new year, place a crown of gold or silver paper on the head of some little girl, fasten a string of tiny bells around her wrist and let her trip up and down the aisles, scattering imaginary blessings on the little folks who join in singing this song:

"Oh, I am the little New Year, oh, ho,
Here I come tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,
So open your doors and let me in."

(Jenks and Walker.)

Let the children tell the name of the new year and its age. It can be used occasionally for a number of weeks, a different child to personate the character each time, boys as well as girls to be chosen. See how much older the little year grows each time it is played.

Have a procession of the months also. Some screen cloths, for veils, white, brown, yellow, red, and green, or some tissue paper of these colors, for caps or crowns, will be needed.

Now, we'll choose the children.

"Who has a birthday in January? Willie? He shall be January, then, and wear the white dress" — which is a yard of white screen cloth thrown over his head, or a cap made of white paper, whichever you prefer to use.

"Who has a birthday in February?" "What dress shall Nellie wear?" "Yes, a white one."

March may wear brown; April and May, light green; June, July, and August, darker green; September, yellow; October, red; November, brown; and December, white.

And what then? Nothing, only to march around the room to a lively tune, as the children tell the names of the months, but the dressing up is where the fun comes in, especially if the veils are worn.

Try it several times during the month, so that all the children may have a part in the exercise. Let February lead next month, while January is last in line.

Some day represent a whole month by choosing a child for each day, remember special days by letting some child carry a symbol of the day to be celebrated: a star for Christmas, a heart for Valentine's Day, etc.

Here is a little rhyme for the days of the week. Choose a child for Sunday, and as he stands in front say:

"Said Sunday to the other days,
'Let's all stand in a row.
So Sunday calls to Monday,"

(Sunday beckons to some child who comes and stands beside him.)

"Monday calls to Tuesday,
Tuesday calls to Wednesday," etc.

As the seven days stand in line, repeat,

"And as they stood, just so,
All seven in a row,
The children cried, 'Oh, ho!
That's just one week we know.'"

Have the children name the days as they go back, one by one.

Keep a weather report. On a sheet of water color paper sketch or paint at the top a little scene, descriptive of the month, with calendar figures below. Tie it to a piece of cardboard and hang it low down, where the little hands can reach it. In a convenient box, nearby, have some yellow, white, light and dark gray circles which the children have cut.

It is a cold, snowy morning.

During the opening exercises, which include a weather song, ask who can tell "the story of the day."

"To-day is Monday, January 8, 1903: snowy," says Annie.

"Yes, let us all tell it, while Annie pastes it."

Annie selects a white circle, puts a bit of paste on the back, and glues it over the figure 8 in the calendar.

A yellow circle means sunshine; light gray, clouds; dark gray, rain; white, snow. A glance at the calendar at the end of the month tells what the weather has been.

An advertising calendar may be used, if you prefer, but the little people like the one the teacher makes better, and they are interested in seeing what the new picture will be for the month. It may be given to some child when it has fulfilled its usefulness.

Day and night will prove interesting in this connection, as the stars are especially bright just now.

The crescent moon, cut from gold or silver paper, or pricked and sewed with yellow worsted, and the Big Dipper made of gilt stars, are attractive occupations.

There are many pretty moon songs, such as: "The Moon Boat," Jessie Gaynor; "Lady Moon," Eleanor Smith; "The New Moon," Jenks and Walker; and the myths of "Apollo" and "Diana" make excellent stories.

The different kinds of lights used at night should not be forgotten, and the representation of these will strengthen the impressions.

Telling time by the clock may be introduced this month, and the value of time impressed upon the little folks. It

tells us when to get up, when to go to school, sends papa to work, brings him home for dinner, puts us to bed, and ticks on through the long dark hours.

Call attention to the different ways of telling time now, and in "ye olden time": the hour glass, candle, sun dial, shadow stick, water clock, and clocks and watches. Teach the old rhyme:

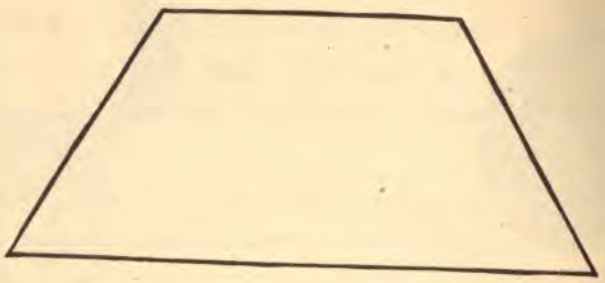
"See the neat little clock,
On the high shelf it stands,
And points to the time
With its two little hands.
May we, like the clock,
Keep a face ever bright,
And hands ever ready
To do what is right."

In the kindergarten song books will be found songs of the clock. Froebel's "Mother Play" (Blow translation), has an unusually good one. The children will like the pictures in this book, and the teacher will find help and inspiration from the "Mottoes and Commentaries."

Under the subject for this month we shall mention the seasons, and winter, with its sports, pastimes, and occupations, is in order.

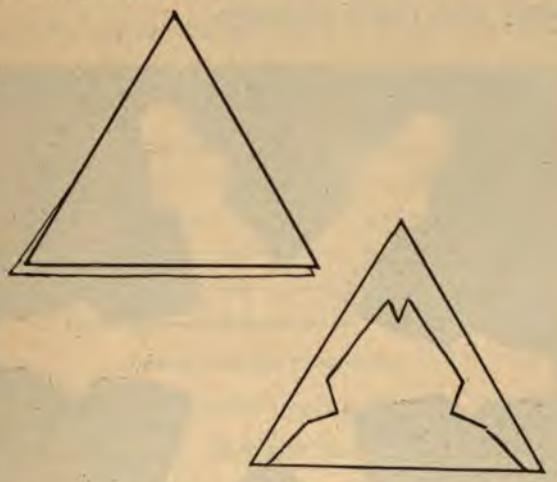
With the falling of snow comes the cutting of snow crystals. Give each child a cardboard hexagon, three

inches in diameter to "trace around," and let the children cut their own ground forms from white paper.



To fold: Have an edge of the hexagon looking at you; fold front edge to back edge; fold front right corner to

back left corner; turn over the paper; fold front right corner to back left corner.



Draw some simple pattern on the triangular face, having the folded point for the centre of the snowflake. In drawing the designs, remember snowflakes have no curved lines or open centres.

At first the patterns may be put upon the board, but very soon the children can do some designs of their own.

Let them mount the snowflakes on five inch squares of colored paper and tie them into a little book, with this copied on the fly leaf:

> "This is the way the snow comes down,
> Softly, softly falling."

The making of clay ice houses and filling them with

cubes of "ice" is sure to result in one good form lesson, and sleds made from drawing paper and the painting of winter scenes give much pleasure.

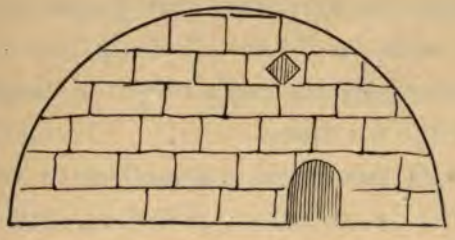
In the song book of Eleanor Smith is a good snow ball song or game, and in Jessie Gaynor's a sleighing song.

Visit the home of Agoonac in "Seven Little Sisters."

Her home may be made of clay, the children making clay cubes, and then combining in one large house. If you wish to be more realistic, the house may be covered with sheet wadding.

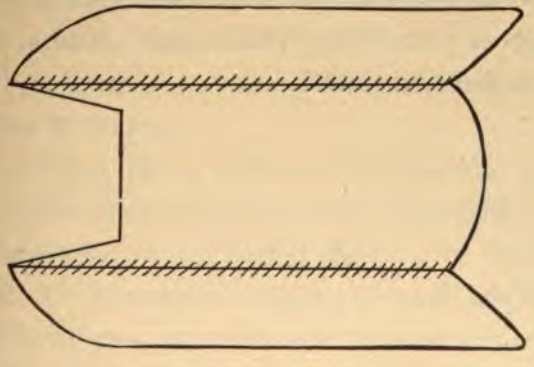
An Eskimo hut may be cut from paper by dividing a

circle in halves. A few gray lines to outline an occasional block of snow makes it more artistic, and it may be used as a book cover for little stories copied from the board about Agoonac.



ESKIMO HUT FOR BOOK COVER.

Stories of the long cold nights in the Arctic regions, the animals found there, and the clothing, food, and utensils of the people will not fail to interest.



FOLD ON DOTTED LINES.

This is the season of the busy lumbermen. Go in imagination into the woods with them. Sketch the camp

and forest on the board and let the tools be drawn and cut. The logs will furnish new cylinders for clay, and the ends of the logs, with the rings, give excellent free arm movement exercises for the blackboard.

The inside of the camp will prove attractive. Tell them of the beds, or "bunks" along the wall, filled with clean green boughs, the big stove, the long tables, rough benches, and the tin dishes.

Read about the camps yourself until you have *really* been there (in imagination, at least), and then you can make the subject full of interest.

Let them illustrate, and experiment, and *play* lumbermen in every way their own originality will suggest, but if you think this a waste of time, and that a "nice little story" read from some book about lumbermen will be less trouble, don't, I beg of you, try to follow this outline, for nothing but failure will be the result.

Story. Cornelia's Hiding Place.

Alice L. Beckwith.

A tramp of feet upstairs and downstairs, and the whole troop of merry boys and girls rushed into the kitchen.

"I have found everybody but Truman and Cornelia," shouted Corydon.

"Laura was in the clothes press, and Dan was in the baby's cradle.

"Hurrah! here is Truman now, in the old brick oven, eating pie."

"And he had two pieces at dinner," said Katy.

"Now, where is Cornelia? We'll all hunt for her."

Up stairs they raced again. In barrels, boxes, and chests they looked; Katie looked under the eaves, and Dan was caught poking his head up the chimney flue, but no little girl was to be seen.

"There's that funny old closet under the stairs," said Amos, and down they went, two steps at a time.

"She must be there," cried Katy. "I heard a little noise"; but the two bright eyes she saw when the door was opened belonged to a little mouse, and not to Cornelia.

Mother's room, grandma's room, the pantry, the woodshed, the cellar, every conceivable place in the house had been inspected. Where was she?

The children began to look sober. She could not be lost, could she, little Cornelia, who had come from the city with her papa the night before to spend New Year's Day at the old farm house? It was she who had begged for the game of hide-and-seek after dinner.

"It's no use!" exclaimed Laura; "I know she is not in the house. Perhaps she has gone down to Mary True's."

"No, she hasn't," said Truman, "that wouldn't be fair, and Cornelia always plays fair."

"Clang! clang! clang! clang!" sang the old clock in the corner.

"Four o'clock; we've been hunting for her a half hour already. The poor little thing may be lost. I am going to tell mother and ask —"

Crash, crash, smash — a noise that could be heard to the most remote corner of the attic, and which frightened the children into perfect stillness. Oh, what was it? What had happened?

One glance at a corner of the kitchen told the whole story. There, face downward on the floor, lay the old clock, and peeping out from under it could be seen the golden curls and white, scared face of little Cornelia.

Katy, who was the first to recover herself, cried, "Oh, Cornelia was hiding in the clock and she's tipped it over! Father's coming! Father's coming! What will he say?" and with one accord the children rushed for that haven

of refuge, grandma's room, leaving Cornelia to bear her fate alone. Poor little girl! She lay there, too frightened to cry, listening to the foot-steps coming nearer and nearer.

Perhaps it was Aunt Matilda. *She* wouldn't scold her; but if it were Uncle John, what would he do? Would he say she must never, never come here again?

"Oh, how I wish I had stayed at home with mamma and baby! Oh, I wish I'd never come, I do, I do! If I only" — the door opened.

"Seems to me I wouldn't play that game any more, if I were you, Cornelia," said the kind, grave voice of Uncle John, as he picked up the little girl, and stood the uninjured clock back in its place.

Grandma's door was ajar, and she was just coming to the rescue, when Cornelia rushed in, to sob out the whole story.

"What did father say?" asked Amos.

"Um! I'm glad it wasn't I," said Corydon. "He never even lets Laura touch the clock."

"Do you think you were very brave to run away, all of you big boys, and leave a little girl all alone to bear her trouble? It seems to me that looks a good deal like cowards," said grandma. "Never mind, Cornelia, dear, dry your eyes and eat some of grandma's peppermints," going to the large, old-fashioned bureau and pulling out the top drawer. "Here are twelve pink ones, one for each of the new months."

FEBRUARY.

SUBJECT: TRADES. STORY: THE SCHOOL FLAG.

"Why will a child desert his play
The craftsman's work to see?
Something within him, latent still,
Stirs at each stroke of strength or skill,
Whispering, 'Work waits for me.'"

Ask the children some morning what they intend to do when they are grown up, and see if the craftsman's work does not predominate rather than any of the professions.

If you have taken home and family life for subjects, add trade life now. "No one liveth unto himself," should be the thought "that runs through all, and doth all unite." The busy workman labors for his family; the blacksmith is a father also, who "goes on Sunday to the church and sits among his boys."

Shall not the child learn that in the outside world it is in acting well his part that all honor lies? Lead him to discover and believe in the universal brotherhood of man.

We cannot represent all trades; which ones shall we select?

Kindergartners say, choose typical ones, not trivial ones; choose those that show cause and effect, relation and

interdependence, care being taken to select those best adapted to the needs of your own individual children, and those that can be best illustrated in your own room. Apply this thought of Froebel's. Every subject presented to the child should contain an element of the old in the new and yet be complete in itself.

Last month we went into the woods with the lumberman; the carpenter will naturally follow. Build houses, bridges, shops, and churches with blocks that you have for drawing and number work. They will prove excellent models for drawing and clay. Some boy will have a toy tool chest he will gladly loan; or the carpenter's son may coax his father to let him bring a truly saw and hammer.

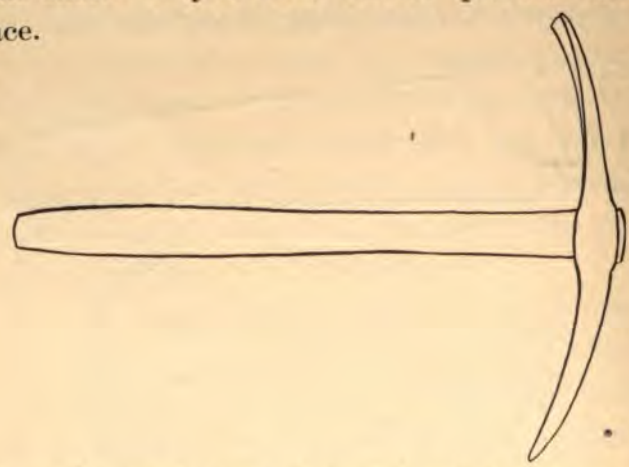
These are especially good for drawing, painting and cutting.

The cabinet-maker is closely allied with the carpenter, and peas work can be introduced for furniture and make a

delightful change for occupation. It is delicate and pretty when well done.

When the buildings are finished coal is needed for heating. Let us go to the miner. Emphasize his home life, as well as his work in the mines, and in this way old lessons may be reviewed, improvements noticed, and interest deepened. His house might be made some day, each child contributing something, for by this time many of the children are able to work independently.

If you have a sand box or a long tin tray filled with sand, it will be easy to make a mountain, dig the mine and build the shaft. If you have neither pictures must take the place.

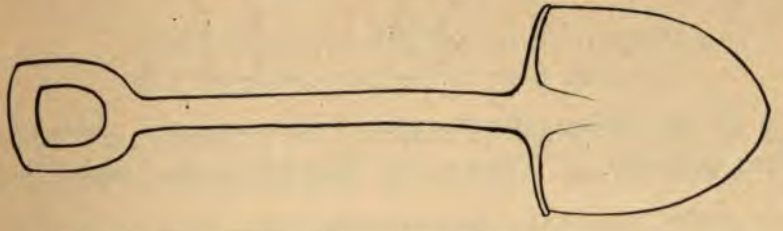


The pick-axe, lamp and shovel will be the characteristic implements; though coal cars, mules, buckets and spades will be added by enthusiastic children.

Mines of gold, silver, copper, tin, iron and salt must not be over-looked.

Encourage the children to mention articles in daily use made from metals, and make charts with pictures of utensils cut out at home. A chart containing a list of trades that children know about is interesting.

"King Midas and the Golden Touch" is one of the best of stories, and Miss Wiltse's "Mouse Who Lost His Tail," is often asked for in this connection. All children's song books contain songs and games of trade life.

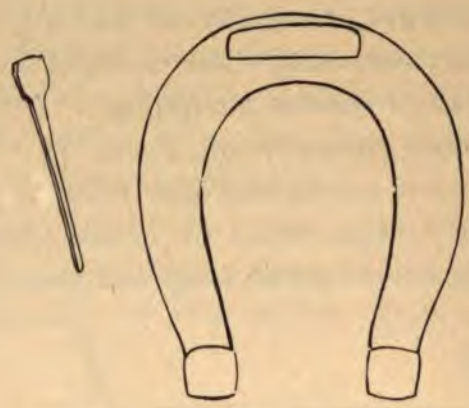


The blacksmith needs coal and iron also.

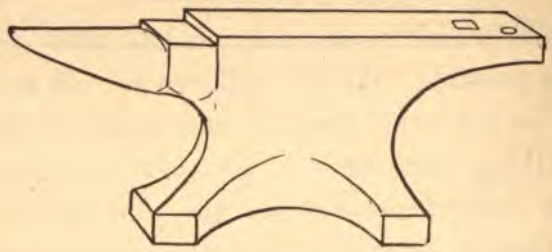
If it is possible, take the children to visit a blacksmith shop. It is not very hard to accomplish if there is one within walking distance. If you ask permission of the blacksmith beforehand and set the time for the visit, he will be willing to show you everything of interest.

Let the children illustrate upon their return what they saw and what they like best. You will find out what made the deepest impression.

For occupation, there will be horseshoes in clay and in paper, anvils, and nails, and the horse himself for the more ambitious children, with the shop and bellows folded and cut.



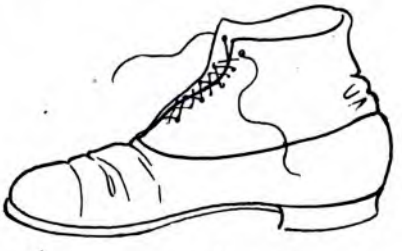
"The Village Blacksmith" will be enjoyed much more after this visit. "Vulcan, the Mighty Smith," and "Sieg-



fried" are the myths worth telling, and the story of "The Wise Old Horse," in the "Child's World," is always a favorite as a story and for dramatization.

We need shoes as well as the horses, and the cobbler shall make or at least mend them for us.

The farmer and miller will furnish us flour, and the baker shall make us sweet bread.



Lastly we will array ourselves in new garments, for

> "Good tailors are we, and work every day,
> For the children they all need clothes."

It is an excellent plan to have a blank book made for each child to paste his best work into. Seven inches by twelve is a good size, and they are prettiest when the leaves are made of thick gray paper, but thick manila sheets are very good. Let something be mounted in these books once or twice a week, representing the subject that is being studied.

A little winter scene, with eskimo hut, for Agoonac, saw and ax for the lumberman, mallet and hammer for the carpenter, are examples.

As the children turn the leaves of the books the subjects discussed will be recalled. These books are highly

prized at home. A superintendent once told me he made them for his kindergartners and that they cost less than three cents each.

Some of the best illustrative work, mounted on oak-tag, cut in long strips six inches wide, makes a pretty border for a long blackboard. Only the best work should be used, and just the pieces the little ones donate for this purpose.

One can, in this way, see at a glance what subjects have been taken up during the year.

But February is our patriotic month, and though she is so short, she holds several special days that are easily observed in primary rooms.

If these days seem to you as so many interruptions in the "course of study," one special celebration will be sufficient. If, on the other hand, you regard them as golden days that relieve the monotony of school routine, you may like the whole list.

February 12, Lincoln's Birthday, comes first in order. It is not necessary to prepare an elaborate exercise. The room made bright with flags, the singing of the patriotic songs the children already know, and a little marching, will go a long way towards making a gala day.

Make some soldier caps of red, white, and blue tissue paper, provide a small flag for each little soldier, and you will be ready at any time for a patriotic celebration.

To-day, Lincoln's portrait, wreathed in green, will

have the place of honor. Let the children tell you all they can about Abraham Lincoln. Rouse a little enthusiasm for him a couple of days before, and the incidents that they will bring from home will be many.

One year I was much indebted to the magazines and daily papers for my "Lincoln Day," so many of these contained scenes and anecdotes connected with his life, and they found their way into every home.

"Papa read me that," "Mamma told me this," and "Nellie cut out this picture for me"; nearly every child contributed something. You can gather all these items in the story *you* tell — the story that shall make them feel his devotion to truth and justice.

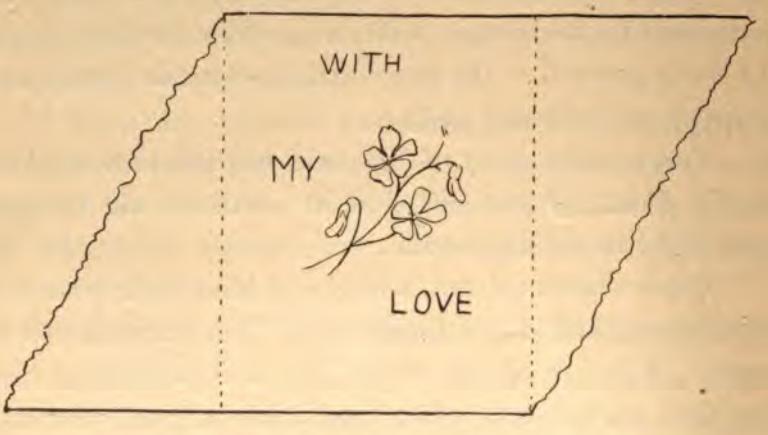
Tell, too, the story of "Bennie and Blossom, or Asleep at His Post," if you can find it. It is an old story and used to be in reading books.

Paper chains of red, white, and blue make pretty wall decorations, and don't forget some little souvenir to take home. A badge of red, white, and blue, a little picture of our hero pasted on a white card and outlined in red and blue worsted, or his name and date sewed on a strip of white cardboard, are simple remembrances. Write "Lincoln's Birthday, February 12," somewhere on the souvenir. It will help to fix the date in the child's memory every time he looks at it. When you go out calling you will find these souvenirs pinned upon the wall or laid carefully away in a box.

February 14, Valentine's Day.

Tell the children the old legend of St. Valentine, of his kind, loving heart, and of the love tokens that he sent to friends far and near. We will send some, too, but as no one wants to send his love with anything that is not pretty, comic ones are quite out of the question.

Fasten a paper box to the inside school-room door, cut a slit in the top of the box, and let the little people have the fun of making valentines and dropping them into it.



A variety of "school valentines" are before me. Here is a square of Bristol board, folded through the centre. Outside is a heart sewed in red worsted. Another has a heart of red paper pasted on the outside. This oblong card has "With My Love," near the top, and underneath a bird "on the wing," with a letter in its mouth. Both bird and

letters are perforated. This dainty one is a pansy of natural size, cut from water color paper, painted a delicate violet and pasted in the centre of a six-pointed star. The star is about five inches in diameter, and has "My Love" on the points, one letter on each point. Here are some done in colored pencils, others in crayon, and still others cut from water color paper and decorated with scrap book pictures.

Let the children make envelopes to put them into, by folding the four corners of a square of paper to the centre, and sealing it with a red heart cut from paper.

They play this little game in kindergarten on this day:

An envelope has a ribbon tied at the two upper corners. This is placed over the neck and under the arm of the little child who is chosen for a bird, and who goes flying around the room, while children sing:

"A little bird comes flying
A message to bring,
'Twill be found in a letter
Tied under its wing."

As the bird flies down at some child's feet, they sing:

"Little bird, you are welcome,
Take a kind word and wish,
Rest now from your labors,
And another shall take this."

The bird takes her seat and the one she chose "goes flying."

If the teacher likes to give the children some little valentines in addition to those they have made, this is a pretty way to distribute them. The envelope with the ribbon should be large enough to hold the valentine that the

teacher will slip in as the different "birds" come to her to receive the message before flying. If there are many children several birds can fly at the same time. Sing this, instead of the second stanza:

"Little birdie, we thank you
For the token so dear.
Another shall go flying,
And you rest with us here."

February 22. Of course, Washington's Birthday will

be *The Day* this month. Tell all of the stories of Washington as a *boy* that you can find. Yes, "the hatchet story" — even if the wise men deride it and say it isn't true — and the story of his mother's colt. Tell them how much he loved his mother and that he proved this by giving up his desire to go to sea because it caused her a heartache.

They will like to think of him as a soldier, too.

For a celebration just march with the flags, wear the caps, and sing "Our Fair Land Forever," "Star Spangled Banner," "America," and as many more as you have time to teach.

I like this, sung to the tune of "America" — written by some kindergartner:

"My country, I love thee,
Though but a child I be,
Of thee I sing.
I love the stories told
Of all the heroes bold,
With each bright starry fold,
Thy flag I bring.

"My Country, I would pray
To serve thee every day,
Like those before.
I would a hero be,
And love and work for thee,
To keep thee fair and free
For evermore."

The little folks like the game of "Soldier Boy."

A leader is chosen and given six flags. As he marches up the aisles, holding a flag proudly aloft, all sing:

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
Bearing so proudly the red, white, and blue?"

The Soldier Boy sings in reply:

"I go where my country, my duty is calling,
If you'd be a soldier, you may come, too."

He then presents a flag to some comrade, who follows behind, and the song is repeated.

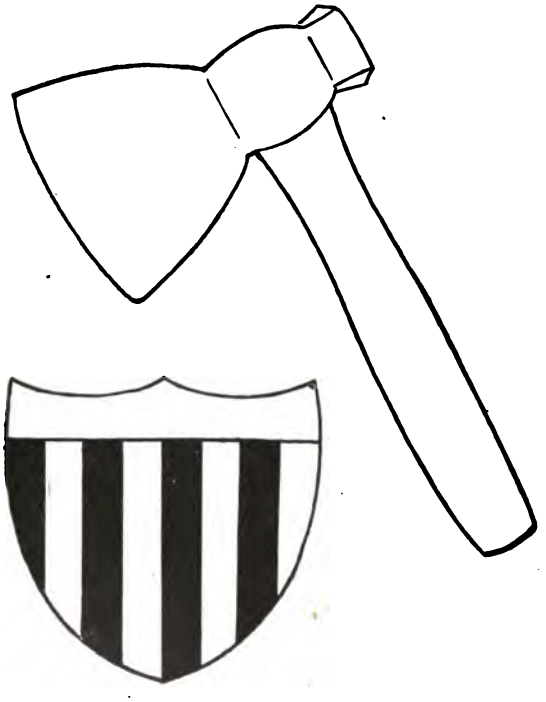
When five soldiers have been chosen the six stand in line and recite:

"Our country, 'tis America,
Our flag red, white, and blue,
And to the land of Washington
We ever will be true.
Wave the flag, and wave again,
And give three loud hurrahs,
For our beloved America,
And for the stripes and stars."

All join in three rousing cheers. Put Washington's birthplace on the board, and on cards for the children to sew. When they are sewed in pale gray, with the outside chimneys in red, it makes one of the prettiest of souvenirs.

Other souvenirs are a cocked hat, sewed or folded, a

shield in red, white, and blue, a flag, a hatchet, and cherries, cut and pasted, or painted.



February 27 brings Longfellow's Birthday.

There are many interesting things to tell the children in connection with this poet. If they are familiar with a few of his poems they will like to know something about the man who wrote them. His life, written by his brother Samuel, will prove helpful, and the "Cyr Second Reader," Ginn & Co., has charming pictures.

Tell of his children and the "Children's Hour," and remind them that Washington lived in the Cambridge house once upon a time.

There are "Hiawatha," "Paul Revere," and "The Windmill" for poems, "The Bell of Atri," for a story, and as a finale, the account of the chair given him by the school children, on his seventy-second birthday. They always like this so much, especially if they have learned the "Village Blacksmith," and know that the chair was made from the "spreading chestnut tree."

If four gala days in one month are too many, then take three, or two, or one, and remember that it is the "occasion" rather than an elaborate exercise that pleases the little people.

The School Flag.

Alice L. Beckwith.

"Fire! Fire! The school-house! The school-house is on fire! Water, water!"

Yes, Number 9 was surely on fire. It was a little southern school-house newly built, and the pride of all the negroes.

How it got on fire no one could say, but there it was, at six o'clock, with the flames coming out of the windows, and the smoke pouring forth in all directions.

The poor little colored children ran about carrying water and imploring the men to save the building.

"Oh, sah!" sobbed Dinah Jackson to Mr. Simpson, the lumber dealer, "can't somefing be done, sah? To-morrow am Washington's Birthday, and we chillun has saved all our cents and done gone and bought a big flag. Sam, he give all de cents he got hoeing 'taters, and de new flag am in a paper in de cupboard. To-morrow we's going to undo it, and now ebery thing goin' be burned up. Oh, sah, can't somebody save de flag?"

Miss Woodside, the golden-haired teacher from the north, was doing her utmost to comfort her little flock, to whom the loss of the school-house was almost lost sight of in grief for the flag — the *flag* that cost so much self-denial, and was now "done goin' to be all burned up."

"Oh, teacher," wailed Dinah, "I save all my cents from ironing Miss Fannie's aprons, and now the flag be all gone, and George Washington's Birthday can't be celebrated."

"Here you, George Washington Hayes, keep out o' there!" shouted a hoarse voice that struck terror to Miss Woodside's soul.

But the warning came too late; before any one could stop him a little boy was inside that burning building.

Let that precious flag be burned! Not he, without an effort to save it. Save it he would, or perish in the attempt.

Blinded and choking with smoke, he crept over the little distance required to reach the cupboard from the door.

Was it locked? After all his effort, would he have to give it up? No, the knob yielded to his touch. There lay the precious bundle. He grasped it and started for the door.

How he got out, he never knew, but get out he did, and a moment later a little black form fell fainting at Miss Woodside's feet.

But soon the black eyes opened, and a little voice said, "I done got it, teacher, I done got it. Sam Jones call me Benedict Arnold, and say me traitor, 'cause I telled on Jim, but Benedict Arnold done got 'Merica's flag."

"Benedict Arnold!" said the little teacher, who was down on the ground beside him, smoothing the singed hair and holding the burned fingers. "No name but George

Washington, the one your mother gave you, belongs to such a brave boy. Well might the 'Father of his Country' be proud of such a namesake."

"Hip, hip, huarah!" shouted Sam. "De school-house be all gone, but three cheers for George Washington Hayes, who done saved de flag!"

MARCH.

Subject: Transportation.

Story: Song of the Wind.

One may follow trade life with transportation, the many people needed to provide us with the necessaries of life, and the value of the wheel.

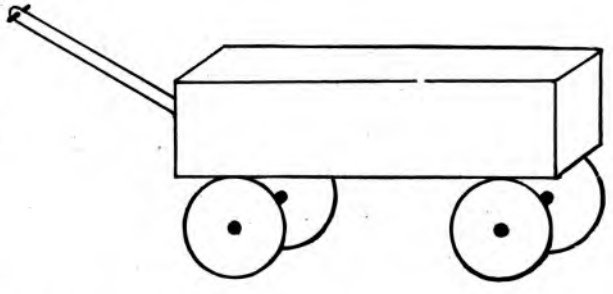
Begin by letting the children tell of the different methods of reaching some town near by that all are familiar with: on foot, by bicycle, with steam, electricity, horse power, etc.; the hardest method, the quickest, the most desirable.

Let these be illustrated in different ways for occupation work. Merchandise must be carried as well as people, and all kinds of conveyances are used. Ask the children to draw those with two wheels, three, four, etc. A favorite kind of seat work consists in drawing some vehicle to see

if the teacher can guess what it is. One gets all kinds, from a wheelbarrow to a hearse with its funereal plumes.

Now choose a city a hundred miles away and concentrate attention upon the steam engine. Some boy may have a toy train that he will lend if you wish to be quite realistic.

A little stationary engine is very good to illustrate the "giant, steam." One that burns wood alcohol is very easy to manage.



In the Gaynor song book will be found the "Teakettle Song," which introduces steam in a pleasing way; and a train of cars made of the children themselves is great fun if one does not mind a little noise. It cannot be called a quiet game.

Let the children tell you of any journeys that they have taken. Distance in miles means very little to children.

"My grandmother has been all round the world," said Johnny. "She has been to Ireland and Boston and South Hadley Falls."

For this reason ask, "How long did it take you to go?" "What time did you start?" "Did you travel by night or day?" Get descriptions of the different cars.

Let them tell you of any places they would *like* to visit, and why. Paper trains may be the means of conveying them there. Street cars, cable and electric, coal, cattle, and freight trains will come in for a full share of attention, and they will be only too eager to make drawings for you.

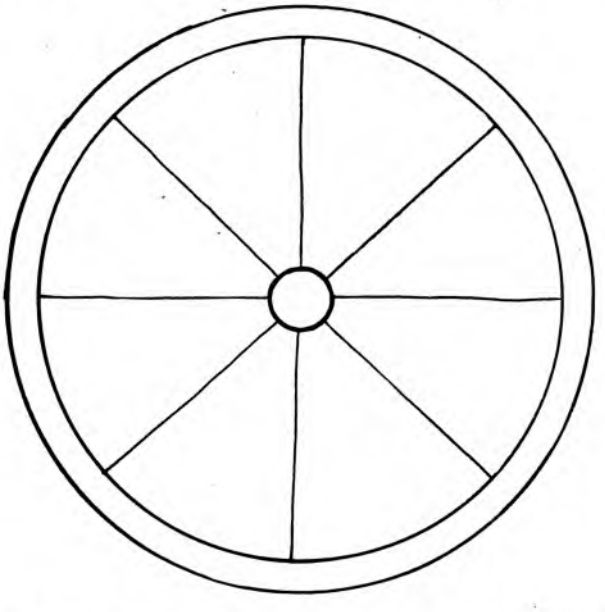
Ask them to cut out at home, from advertisements and catalogues, all the different vehicles that they can find, and as they bring them, mount them neatly on a large sheet of bristol board. You will get a very interesting collection in this way.

Pictures of the wonders in the Transportation Building at the Columbia Exhibition, the old engines, and cumbersome carts will prove interesting.

But in transportation, what is it that forms the important thing? The wheel. If you have Froebel's "Mother Play" show the children the picture of the wheelwright, where from "the child's barrow we rise to the wheel of the chariot of the gods."

Ask the children to think of things with one wheel, two, three, four. Go back in imagination to the days when the world was new, and get the children's ideas of the first wheels. Lead them to see what a power it is in mechanics, as you ask for things beside vehicles that move with wheels.

The busy brains will think of so many things that the list will be a long one.



In the song books will be found songs, and in "Merry Songs and Games," by Mrs. Hubbard, is a game that may be played in this way:

Procure a small wooden hoop and two yards of "turkey red" print. Wind the hoop with strips of the print about two inches wide, which you can tear from the end. Then divide the remaining cloth into strips two inches wide, tearing it lengthwise, so that each strip will be the full length of the cloth — nearly two yards long. Sew these to

the cloth that is around the hoop, being sure to use very stout thread. Leave an equal distance between each strip, as these are for the spokes of the wheel. Fold over the other ends of strips into loops large enough to slip your hand through. Put the hoop on the floor and choose as many children for the rim of the wheel as there are spokes. These pick up spokes with right hand, slip loop over wrist, and join hands for the "rim." While this is being done other children at seats sing:

"Let us to the wheelwright go,
Watch to see what he will do."

The wheelwright sees that the "rim" is even, pounds in some imaginary nails, goes inside and, with an imaginary auger, bores a hole for the axle.

Children sing:

"See now, see now, see what pains takes he,
Let the auger go straight through,
Let the hole be smooth and true."

He now selects some child for axle and puts him in the middle of the hoop. He must stand very still with hands at his sides.

Children sing:

"Now 'tis ready to his mind,
To the axle may be joined.
Round now, round now, ever round it goes,
Round now, round now, ever round it goes."

During the last two lines, the wheelwright stands outside and sets the wheel to turning on its axle. The "axle" must stand perfectly still, and the "rim" must keep the spokes out straight as they march around in a circle. Reverse the turning after a minute, that the children may not grow dizzy. Let the little folks choose what the wheel shall be used for before breaking it up.

This is a very good as well as pretty game. The determining of the right and left hands, the co-operation in "rim," where each does his part, and the concentration required to keep the spokes straight, are some of the beneficial results derived from it.

Call for things that move *without* wheels. Once I heard the answers come thick and fast: "Boys, girls, dogs, bees, birds," etc., until some one said, "We must leave out *live* things"; and a little boy who had seemed lost in thought said, very slowly: "But I know something that goes all the time, 'thout any wheels, and 'tisn't alive — it's the world!"

This list will not be a very long one: sleds, sleighs, rowboats, and a few other things, perhaps, are mentioned, and then *the wind* is spoken of, just as you felt sure it would be. This comes to them as a new force, if you've had no previous talk about it, and as an old friend, if you have. Confine its work to things on land at first, and begin with simple things. The drying of mamma's clothes

on the line, the waving of flags, the flying of kites, the weather vanes on the barns and church spires; then the pumping of water and the grinding of corn. Ask the children what the wind is; if they can see it, feel it, hear it, etc. The unseen force appeals to them, and their answers are interesting.

Teach this verse:

> "Whichever way the wind doth blow,
> Some heart is glad to have it so.
> So blow it east, or blow it west,
> The wind that blows, that wind is best."

They will like to sing or recite the little wind poem by R. L. Stevenson:

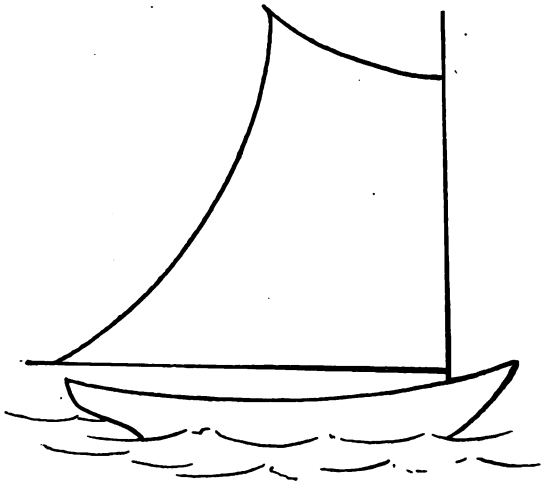
> "Oh, wind, a-blowing all day long,
> Oh, wind, that sings so loud a song,"

and this will be a good time to learn or review Longfellow's "Windmill."

With early modes of transportation, for stories there are tales of chivalry, stories of the knights, that are so fascinating, Greek myths of Phaeton and the Sun Chariot, Diana, and Apollo; and "In Storyland," by Elizabeth Harrison, contains "Hans and the Four Giants," which is good in this connection.

Transportation by water may follow, with sailing vessels and steamers, row boats, canoes, canal boats, and the like.

Here we shall have wind and wheels, singly and in combination. Lighthouses come under this head, to be made of paper or clay. The children may draw and sew them, "with a story for every one."



Some day let the children fold ships and send them to any countries they may choose. Don't "help" any; just let it be a play, and you will get some idea of their knowledge of geography.

The building of boats, launching them in miniature streams at the sand table, or in ditches dug at recess, will prove entertaining, and let them have the story of Hiawatha's sailing. "Ulysses and the Bag of Winds" is one of the best of stories for this subject.

Give the children some little story or simple rhyme to illustrate with drawings or paper cuttings. See that the scenes presented to "the mind's eye" are objects familiar to the little people, and you will get satisfactory results.

"The Song of the Wind," which closes this chapter, was written for this purpose.

The Song of the Wind.

(To be illustrated with paper cutting by the children.)

I am a giant, strong and bold,
Such jokes I play on young and old!
But I work hard from sun to sun
And one must have a little fun.

Sometimes a boy I chance to meet,
I blow his hat across the street,

Then toss his kite up in the sky,

And help his mamma's clothes to dry.

The flags I wave, the pin-wheels turn,

The blacksmith's fire I help to burn,
Then when it rains, I frisk about,
And turn umbrellas inside out.

I send down leaves in golden showers,

To make warm blankets for the flowers.

And then again the seeds I sow,

Change little raindrops into snow.

And pile the snow in drifts at night,
Till all the world looks cold and white;

I make the miller's wheels go round

By which the corn and oats are ground.

And then I go far out at sea
Where many boats still wait for me.

And when the evening sky is red
I take the fishermen home to bed.

APRIL.

SUBJECT: SUGAR MAKING — TREES.

STORY: A BOY WHO HATED TREES.

"The woods are still sleeping,
But grass is a-peeping
From under the snow.
The swallows are coming,
The bees are a-humming,
The sap has begun to flow!"

Now is the time for sugar making in the northern woods, where the maple trees stand ready to give of their sweetness.

If you have ever had the pleasure of a day in camp at this season, you will wish that the children could have that experience, also, and when reality is impossible, make believe is next best.

The following story is designed for this purpose, and should be told a little at a time to the children, giving them ample opportunity for illustration work. "The Ride" will furnish work for one morning, "The Camp," both inside and out, another lesson, while the sleds, tubs, barrels, buckets, and cooking utensils used in "Sugaring Off" and "The Luncheon" will furnish seat work periods full of interest for several more days.

Making Maple Sugar.

The Ride.

It was just half past nine when Mr. Reed drove up to the door with a big sled covered with straw, and his span of black horses.

Opening the school-room door, he said, "Good morning, Miss Leslie. If you and these little folks would like to take a ride with me, put on your coats and bonnets and be on the steps in just three minutes."

That was just like Mr. Reed. He was always planning some fun for the children.

"Where are we going, Mr. Reed?" asked Fred, as the laughing boys and girls were stowed away on the sled.

"I have come to take you to my palace in Sugar Land, two miles away."

It was a bright April morning, and Jack Frost had covered the soft snow with a thick, icy crust.

How it glistened in the sunshine!

"Do you know where we are going, Miss Leslie?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Leslie.

"Well, the way lies through fairyland, anyway," exclaimed Susie. "See how thick the diamonds are in the fields, and the trees are all covered with rock candy."

They stopped before a queer little house right among the trees.

"Welcome to Sugar Land!" cried Mr. Reed. "My

palace stands before you! With one touch of my magic wand (waving his whip) I turn you into fairies. Miss Leslie is to be queen, whose slightest wish you must obey."

The children just shouted with glee, and then Nellie clapped her hands, and cried: "Oh, oh, it isn't a make-believe, at all! It is true! It is true! 'Sugar Land' is Mr. Reed's grove of maple trees, and his palace is the little house where he makes the sugar."

THE CAMP.

The house was made of rough boards, but it was warm and cozy inside. There was a large stove, made of brick, at one end of the room, and there were long shelves filled with buckets and pans of different sizes.

"What a queer stove!" said Edna. "It looks like a box made of bricks."

"See the big pans on top!" said Annie. "Something is boiling inside of them. Doesn't it smell good?"

"Are you warm?" inquired Mr. Reed, appearing at the door. "You do look just like fairies, I verily believe."

"But we have no wings," said Susie.

Mr. Reed laughed, and in a minute came back with the queerest looking things! They were shaped something like wings, with a frame of wood that was filled in with a net-work of fine leather strips.

"What in the world are those?" asked Bob.

"Wings. Of course the queen must have wings, but these are the kind Mercury wore. They go on your feet."

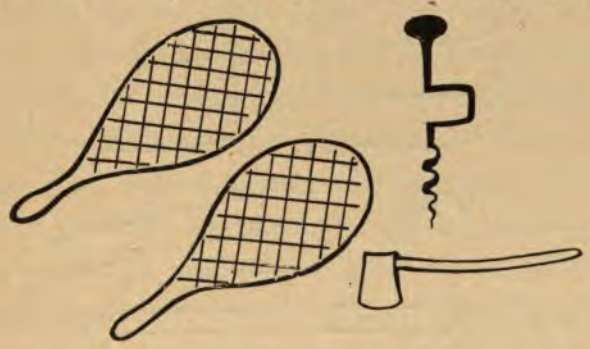
"Oh! oh! they're snow shoes," shouted Bob.

"Sit down, Miss Leslie," said Mr. Reed, and he strapped them to her feet. Calling to the boys to bring along six clean buckets that stood by the stove, he opened the door.

"Two loyal knights must guard you, one on each side. Ready, now. Fly!"

Such flying as that was! She gave one foot a push, and then — there she sat, right in the snow, and the two knights with her.

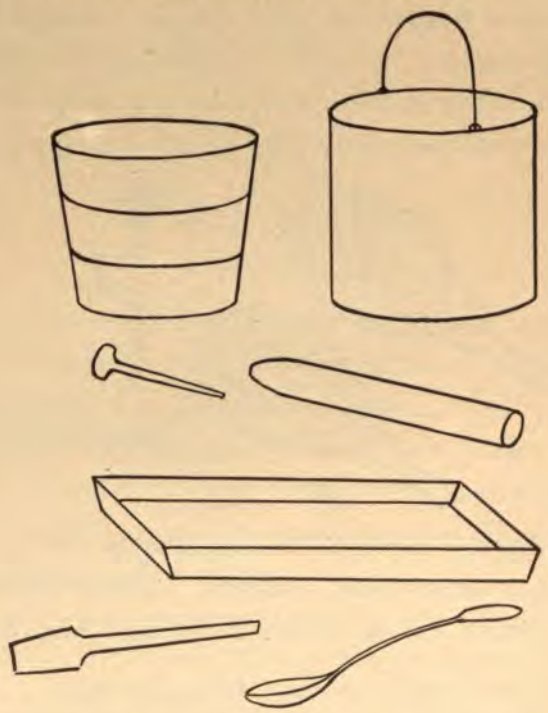
"Someone stepped on your wings," laughed Mr. Reed. "Let me give you a lesson;" and putting the shoes on his own feet, he fairly danced over the snow, while the rest ran on the hard crust as fast as they could to keep up with him.



He stopped before six tall maple trees, and cried, "Ho, fairies all, put down your buckets." Then turning to the trees, he took off his hat, made a low bow, and said:

"Oh, trees so tall, so kind, so true,
A band of fairies I've brought to you.
Your trunks so brown we'd like to tap
In order to get a little sap.
We won't take much; your buds are small,
They surely do not need it all."

Then he took tiny Belle for a measure and stood her up against a tree. With his knife he made a little cut in the trunk just over her head. He gave an auger to Tom and told him to bore a hole in this place two inches deep; and Fred drove a small tin tube into the hole.



Underneath the tube a large flat-headed nail was driven and a bucket was hung on it by its hoop.

Now the sap began to run out through the tube and to drop into the bucket. Drop! drop! drop! it always goes

— never in a stream — and it takes all day to get a bucket full.

"All of my trees except these six were tapped several days ago," said Mr. Reed, "and the men are out gathering the sap. There they come now! They have emptied the buckets into that big tub that is on the sled they are drawing. See, they have on snow shoes, and the sled has broad runners to keep it from sinking into the snow. Let us go down and get some of the sap to drink."

"Who do you suppose is here?" he called from inside the camp. "Mr. Hobgoblin himself, sent to look after the fairies, most likely. Step in and see for yourselves."

They came in rather shyly, and there found the dearest little fellow, in a reddish brown coat, seated on the edge of a barrel, out of which he was drinking sap, and acting as if he had never tasted anything so good in all his life. His back was toward the children, but their merry laughter sent him scampering away, with his bushy tail curled up over his shoulder.

"Ha, ha, Master Squirrel," laughed Mr. Reed, "you better be leaving. It was only yesterday I caught you eating out of my dinner pail."

"Sugaring Off."

But now the fire claimed his attention, and he filled the brick stove, or "arch," as he called it, with long sticks of wood, and dipped a big spoon into the pans on top.

"Is it sap that is boiling, Mr. Reed?" asked Tom.

"It was once; but yesterday I boiled it until it was as thick as molasses, and filled some of those tin cans with it, to sell at the store. I am going to make this into dry sugar, and I think it is nearly done."

He went out and brought in a snow ball, which he dipped into the boiling sugar. When he held it up it had a little cap of waxy yellow sugar on it.

"All right; now for some buckets of snow."

"Why couldn't we take the pan out of doors and cool the sugar on that big snow bank?" asked Miss Leslie.

"So we can — plenty of room there;" and out they went, with cups, spoons, and paddles.

The sugar hardened quickly on the cool snow, and Miss Leslie said, "Children, if you dip out the sugar carefully, I think you can make pictures with it on the snow. See, I've made a bird."

"Oh, oh! did we ever have such fun?" cried Nellie. "See my spider's web, and Dick's tree, just like the one the sap came from; and Belle has made a man."

There were fish, flowers, horses, dogs, mules, elephants, camels — until Mr. Reed said, "Why, a menagerie is nothing beside this. You better eat them now, though, so you can make sugar cakes while I stir the rest of the syrup into sugar."

He gave them tins for the sugar cakes — and *such* tins! Big tins, little tins, middle sized tins! Round ones, square ones, tins with plain edges, scalloped edges, hearts, little baskets, and pretty jelly moulds with grapes, apples, and ears of corn in the bottom of them.

The children spread them out on a long bench, after filling them with hot sugar, and left them to cool. There was a box of egg shells, too, with the inside blown out, and they filled these, also, with sugar.

Mr. Reed and the men stirred the rest of the sugar with big paddles till it was quite dry; then they put it in a tub, and filled the pans once more with sap.

The Luncheon.

Mr. Reed pulled out his watch. "One o'clock, oh, queen, and dinner time," he said to Miss Leslie.

"In Sugar Land at our command,
The trees give sap so sweet,
But for twenty hungry boys and girls,
What can we find to eat?"

replied Miss Leslie.

"What!" said Mr. Reed, "do fairies get hungry? Then had we better go home?" with a little twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, no, Mr. Reed, we don't want to go home," said Annie. "We aren't *very* hungry."

"Well, we must see what can be done. Where is my wand?" and waving his whip three times, he called:

"Buckets, buckets, if you're able,
Help us make a dinner table."

"Here, boys, put six at that end of the room and six at this end, and help me lay these boards across."

Miss Leslie and the girls covered these with some large sheets of white paper Mr. Reed had ready, and there was a large table and table cloth all complete.

"But we haven't any dishes," said Edna. "We could use our little sugar paddles for forks if we only had some plates."

"That's so; where's my wand?

"One, two, three,
Here they be,"

and he pulled some paper butter trays out of a basket in the corner.

"Our table is waiting,
Our dishes, too,
But for something to eat,
What shall we do?"

drawing down his face and looking very anxious.

"Fairy queen, you say some magic rhyme and see if it will help us."

Going up to the big pans of boiling sap, Miss Leslie said:

"Pans, pans, have you anything to eat?"
"Yes, my lady, in my sap so sweet,
Some eggs you'll find, all nicely boiled,
Take them out before they're spoiled."

She had seen Mr. Reed put these into the boiling sap a few minutes before, and as she put them on the table he called out:

"Hallo! Hallo! What have I found?
Some fish and potatoes all nicely browned,
Tom, go to the basket beside the door,
And see if it holds anything more."

"Hooray, hooray! a lot of ham sandwiches, some doughnuts, and pickles," called Tom.

Some butter and salt were found, and then the luncheon was ready. Buckets were placed at the ends of the table and at the sides, for chairs, and there was room for everybody.

The children declared they had never eaten so good a dinner in all their lives, and they were all glad there was nothing sweet in the bill of fare after so much sugar eating.

After a few merry games they packed up their sugar cakes and got ready to go home.

When they were all stowed snugly away on the big

sled, Mr. Reed said: "One of my men will drive you home. I have to stay in camp to-night and boil sap.

"Here are willow whistles, one for each of you. As you reach Sugar Land Gate, blow three loud blasts without looking behind you, and wish, and your wishes may come true."

Three loud cheers were given for Mr. Reed, and as they drove away he heard them singing:

"Merry, merry elves are we,
As o'er the snow we glide,
Merry, merry elves are we,
Upon our homeward ride.
Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Tra la la, la, la, la, la."

With the awakening of life comes the first spring flowers. Let the children learn the common names of many of them, and see that they recognize them. Keep a record of all that are brought to the school-room, and let the children paint all of the simpler ones for occupation work.

If Easter comes this month, don't forget to make some pretty souvenir to take home. The coloring of Easter eggs gives much pleasure.

Where patriotism runs high, and includes a holiday, the 19th of April will not be forgotten, nor the story of Paul Revere.

Arbor Day is the "special day" to be added to the long list.

Fortunate are they who can make the room bright with green and growing things, and can plant a tree in the school-yard. If this cannot be done plant willow twigs in the house in boxes, and acorn and maple seeds in flower pots, to be watched during the rest of the year.

The story of a tree's life can be told in song, using "The sap has begun to flow" (spring), "See the trees all in a row" (summer), "Come, little leaves" (autumn), "The tree in winter" (winter).

"Apple-Seed John," Lydia Maria Child, "The Fir Tree," Andersen, and the myths of Daphne, Baucis and Philemon, and Rhœcus are good stories.

Tell anecdotes of some of the world's famous trees, and show pictures of them; cull quotations from the poets, and find little rhymes that tell of the use and beauty of trees.

Trees done in charcoal or colored crayon make attractive drawing lessons, and the painting of twigs delightful seat work.

A Boy Who Hated Trees.

Alice L. Beckwith.

"Good night, Dick. Remember to wake up with the robins, so as to be ready to help me set out our new trees."

"Good night," answered Dick, in a sulky tone, for Dick was decidedly cross. "Treés, trees, trees!" he mumbled to himself, as he began to undress. "I'm so sick of hearing about trees. Miss Morrell has talked 'trees' for a week at school, and now father has bought some old twigs to set out to-morrow, and I wanted to go fishing. I just wish I lived in a land where there were no trees. We could get along well enough without them," and with this thought he jumped into bed.

Perhaps Dick had been asleep an hour or more when he heard the queerest rustling noise, and then a voice called out, "Here he is — the boy who hates trees!"

He sat bolt upright in bed, and there was the strangest procession coming towards him.

It was made up of trees. The Pine and the Elm came first, looking statelier than ever. The Maple and Oak followed, and the Maple's leaves were flushed scarlet, she was so excited. Willow was weeping, and the Poplar trembled all over, she was so nervous.

Next came all the fruit trees, led by Cherry, while

Walnut, White Birch, and the Palm were behind. What did it all mean? Dick was very much frightened for a minute.

It seemed as if every tree he had ever heard of was there, and he wondered how the room could hold them all.

When they had grown quiet the Pine said, "My dear brothers and sisters, here is a boy who hates trees; he cannot see that we are of any use. It is more than I can stand, and I called this meeting to see what can be done about it. Has anyone anything to say?"

The Cherry looked very sour. "I cannot see that *boys* are of any use. Many years ago, when cherry trees were scarce in this country, a boy named George cut down my great grandfather, just to try his new hatchet. It would be better if there were no boys."

"Yes," answered the White Birch, "boys know so little — always hacking me with knives, and taking off my coat, no matter how cold the weather is! I loved *one* boy once, but it was many years ago. He was an Indian boy. He loved trees. I remember how he stood beside me one warm day, and said:

"'Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in Heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper.'

"Then he took off my bark so carefully that he did not hurt me a bit. But he is not living now. This boy is not like him!"

"If it had not been for boys, I should not be so crooked," spoke up the Apple. "When I was small, boys used to lean on me and bend me to the ground. My back was weak and it hurt me.

"One day a boy climbed up into my branches and broke off one of my limbs. He was a very silly boy, for he wanted green apples. Had my fruit been ripe I would have tossed him down one. How happy we should be if it were not for boys."

The Maple was very indignant. "This boy here said we were of no use, but it was only this morning that I heard him teasing his grandma for a cake of maple sugar."

"He ate it as though he liked it, too," answered the Palm. "I saw him; he was fanning himself with one of my leaves."

The Willow shook her branches. "Boys, boys, boys!" she said. "I'm so sick of boys. This same boy made a whistle out of one of my children this very night when he went down to the pasture."

A queer tree in the corner spoke in a thick voice. "Ah, we are of no use, are we? If it were not for me, where would he get the tires for his bicycle? There are his rubber boots, too! Why, he uses me every day about

something; even on his fishing tackle you will find me. But I've thought of a plan."

The trees all crowded around him, talking very excitedly. "But how shall we do it?" he heard them say.

"Oh," said the Elm, "the wind will help us; he is always our friend." Before Dick could cry out he was being wafted away by the wind.

"Where am I going?" he called.

"To the land of no trees," they answered, and they bowed and rustled their leaves. Even the Willow held up her head long enough to call, "Good-by, good-by," and then home and trees were left far behind.

How fast the wind traveled! On and on they went, until suddenly the wind dropped him and went whistling away.

Dick felt really scared now, for he found himself all alone.

"Oh, I'm so hot!" he exclaimed. "I wonder where I am." Certainly he had never been in such a place before. There were no trees nor green grass anywhere in sight. As far as he could see there was only sand — white sand — that was so hot and scorching.

"Seems to me I've seen pictures in the geography like this," he said to himself. "It must be a desert. Oh, I *never* was so hot before! I can't sit here! What shall I do?"

Opening his eyes Dick found himself in his own little room, both arms clasping the pillow. He was soon dressed and down stairs, so anxious to plant trees he could hardly eat his breakfast.

In one night he had learned to see
The wonderful beauty there is in a tree.

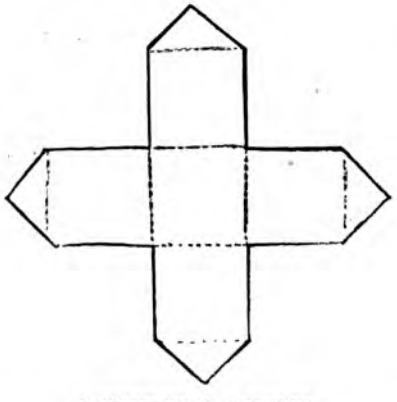
MAY.

SUBJECT: LIFE IN ALL NATURE. BIRD DAY PROGRAM.

STORY: A QUEER LITTLE NEST.

As you look back through the vista of years, did "the little girl you knew best of all" ever go out hanging May baskets the first of May?

How hard we worked for days before, getting the "creations" ready, and were they not pretty, the paper baskets filled with bonbons and posies, and the bunches of



PATTERN FOR MAY BASKET.

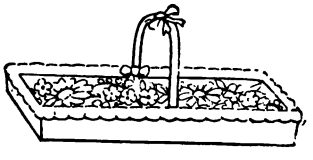
blossoms that we tied to door knobs at dusk? A ring at the door bell, then a scampering of little feet down the walk as we tried to reach home without being caught.

If the custom still holds good, why not make some of these baskets during the occupation periods?

They may be cut from oak-tag, bristol board, or drawing paper, tied with bright worsted or ribbon, and decorated with foldings, scrap pictures, or water color.

Square weaving mats make especially pretty ones when folded into boxes or cornucopias; envelopes are not to be despised when trimmed with paper crimped and curled, while little boxes covered with crepe paper are perhaps prettiest of all.

It is helpfulness and brotherly love that we are practising this year, and it is the little things, "the trifles," that make or mar our daily lot. Some of the prettiest baskets might be sent to a children's hospital, hung to some little playmate in the village who is ill, or to a "grown-up" invalid, for no one will undervalue a dainty basket of flowers.



May furnishes subjects in plenty for talks, stories, seat work, and songs, for all nature is teeming with life — Life Universal.

One year, when our playground was a bed of sand at

the back of the building we went "a-Maying" (in imagination) to Farmer Brown's farm.

His farmhouse and barn adorned our calendar; from his apple and pear trees came our twigs; by his brook grew our pussy willows; and in his orchard our birds built their nests.

He became a real personage to the little people who suggested the different things that belonged to this imaginary farm.

Emilie Poulsson's Nursery Finger Plays (Lothrop Publishing Company) gave work for many days.

"The Little Plant" grew here; "The Hen and Chickens" flourished; in his meadow "The Lambs" gambolled

and played, and he owned "Piggy Wig and Piggy Wee." Here "A Little Boy Went Walking"; "The Sparrows" had a home; "The Caterpillar's" change took place, and "The Corn Grew."

He owned "The Bees," also, and one day we had a luncheon of crackers and honey.

We planted his garden in boxes indoors, and in sand outside, drew his trees, painted his tulips, and modeled his animals.

His tools and carts were made, and some snow-white paper swans went sailing over a blue paper pond.

By this time, the little folks could do very good work in drawing and water color, and would work busily and carefully for a whole occupation period with a twig or blossom on their desks for models.

The articles were pasted in their books, and used for a blackboard border telling "the story of the month."

Memorial Day and Bird Day are the days to receive special attention. For the former, let "love and flowers"

for our heroes, the soldiers, who have loved their country, take the place of memories of bloodshed and strife. Remember,

> "We banish our anger forever
> When we laurel the graves of our dead."

Flowers should be brought by the little folks when possible, and usually these can be sent to the veterans to be used in their decorations.

In this way the children will feel that they have a part in this labor of love.

More and more with each recurring May we are learning to appreciate the return of our feathered songsters. So many schools now celebrate this return with some appropriate exercise that the following little program has been prepared with the hope that it may prove suggestive.

For decorations use as many of nature's floral

treasures as possible; the colored plates that accompany "Birds and All Nature;" and birds cut and painted by the children.

In personating the birds it is not necessary for the children to "dress up." Imagination can enter in and transform them into "fowls of the air."

The songs and games suggested are from the following Song Books:

"Merry Songs and Games," Clara B. Hubbard; "Songs for Little Children," Part II., Eleanor Smith; "Songs of the Child World," Jessie L. Gaynor; "Songs and Games for the Little Ones," Harriet Jenks and Gertrude Walker.

The book by Jenks and Walker has more bird songs than any of the others, and one can get along very well with that alone.

Program for Bird Day.

Song. "Lovely May." *C. B. Hubbard.*

"All the birds and bees are singing,
All the lily bells are ringing," etc.

Quotations. What May brings us.

1.

"When May came the bare boughs budded,
Where she passed the wind-flower blew,
Whither strayed her dainty footsteps,
There the purple violet grew.

2

"The time for the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

3

"May brings us the violets tender and sweet;
Bright yellow dandelions shine at our feet."

4

"But they wait for *thy* coming,
Sweet wind of the South.
For the touch of thy light wings,
The kiss of thy mouth."

5

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers chirp at our feet,
Crowds of birds at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

SONG. "All the Birds Have Come Again." *Jenks and Walker.*

"All the birds have come again,
Come again to greet us," etc.

BIRD QUOTATIONS.

1

"Sing, little bird, oh, sing,
How sweet thy voice and clear,
How fine thy airy measures ring
The sad old world to cheer."

2

"The sweetest sound our whole year round,
'Tis the first robin of the spring.
The song of the full orchard choir
Is not so fine a thing."

3

"The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing,
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis Spring."

4

"There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The birds in the meadows are building their nests,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by."

5

"Hear the thrush that càrols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood."

6

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds.

7

"Even the blackest of them all, the crow, renders good service."

SONG. "Where do All the Daisies Go?" *Jenks and Walker.*

(Second stanza.)

"Where do all the birdies go?
I know, I know.
Far away from Winter's snow,
To the fair warm South they go,
There they stay till daisies blow.
That is where they go."

CHICKADEE.

(To be recited by a little girl who will personate Chickadee. She flies softly around the room and as she pauses, describes herself thus:)

I didn't go away at all. I was here all winter. I never mind the cold. I can always find seeds and dried berries to eat, and warm places in the pine trees to sleep. Look at me. My back is brown. (*She points out the different parts as she names them.*) The top of my head and throat are black, and my breast is almost white. Most of my family have gone farther north. I am going, too. I shall build a nest there, but I will come back in the fall. Throw some crumbs out for me next winter and I'll sing a song for you. Good-bye. Chickadee-dee, Chickadee-dee. (*She sings "chickadee" as she flies to her seat.*)

GAME. "Five Little Chickadees." *Jenks and Walker.*

(Two children stand facing each other, and with uplifted hands form the "door." Five children as chickadees sit by the door and fly one by one around the room and back to seats as the children in seats sing:)

"Five little chickadees sitting by the door,
One flew away and then there were four.

Chorus.

"Chickadee, chickadee, happy and gay,
Chickadee, chickadee, fly away."

"Four little chickadees happy and free,
One flew away and then there were three."

Chorus.

"Three little chickadees looking at you,
One flew away and then there were two."

Chorus.

"Two little chickadees sitting in the sun,
One flew away and then there was one."

Chorus.

"One little chickadee left all alone,
He flew away and then there was none."

Chorus.

ROBIN.

(Personate as before.)

"Cheer up, cheer up, for here I come. How glad I am to see you once more. I like the children of the South, but I am always glad to come North in the Spring.

"Have you seen Bluebird? He and I came together. How do I look in my spring suit? My back is brownish, head and throat black, and my breast this dull red color. There is a white streak on my throat, too.

"No, we haven't any babies yet, but there are three lovely green-blue eggs in our nest in the orchard. Our

family will be quite large by autumn, for we raise two broods. My mate is calling me, so I must go.

"This is my favorite song — 'Cheer-up, cheer-up.'"

SONG. "Two Robin Redbreasts." *Jenks and Walker.*

"Two robin redbreasts in their nests,
Had little robins three," etc.

BLUEBIRD.

(To be personated by some child who should fly around the room and pause long enough to recite:)

"My back is blue, just like the sky:
So are my wings with which I fly.
My breast is red, not very bright,
And a *few* of my feathers you'll find are white.
I've been here a month, my mate came, too,
Her dress is a little lighter blue.
We're keeping house — now don't you tell —
In that old apple tree near the well,
And some day soon I hope there'll be
Five *little* bluebirds up in that tree."

SONG. "The Bluebird." *Jenks and Walker.*

"I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple-tree where he is swinging," etc.

WOODPECKERS.

(Two children are to personate Hairy and Downy, one to be a little larger than the other.)

(*In concert.*)

"Oh, jolly little woodpeckers are we,
And you may always know

When from the trees we're seeking food,
For tap, tap, tap we go."

(*Larger child recites:*)

"My coat is black, spotted with white. Can you see the white streak down my back? I always wear this little red band on my head. I am Hairy Woodpecker, and this is my cousin Downy. Isn't he a cunning little fellow?

"We build our nests in holes in trees. That is why we have such strong bills. We can run right up the trunks of trees. Not many birds can do that. Shall you know us the next time you see us? We look much alike, but remember I am bigger. Come, Downy, we must be going."

SONG. "Woodpecker."

(This will be found under "The Swallow" in "Merry Songs and Games." *C. B. Hubbard.*)

"The old woodpecker is hard at work,
A carpenter is he,
And you can hear him hammering
His nest upon a tree."

SPARROWS.

(Four small children are needed for this, and "Chippy" does the talking.)

"We are sparrows, we are sparrows,
So happy and free,
This is our cousin from over the sea.
(*Points to English sparrow.*)
Song Sparrow's voice you often have heard,
(*Shows song sparrow.*)

This white throated one is the Peabody bird.
(*Shows white marking.*)
I am the 'Chippy,' known to you all,
I come early in spring and leave late in the fall.
Our colors are sober and quiet in hue,
We look much alike, don't you think that we do?"

SONG. "The Sparrows." ("Nursery Finger Plays.") *Emilie Poulsson.*

(It may be sung to the tune of "Rock-a-by Baby, on the tree-top.")

"Little brown sparrows flying around,
Up in the tree-tops, down on the ground,
Come to my window, dear sparrows, come,
See, I will give you many a crumb.

"Here is some water, sparkling and clear,
Drink, little sparrows, drink without fear,
If you are tired, here is a nest,
Wouldn't you like to come here and rest?

"All the brown sparrows flutter away,
Chirping and singing, 'We cannot stay,
Up in the tree-tops, 'mid the gray boughs
See the sparrows' snug little house.'"

RECITATION. "The White-Throated Sparrow."

"Old Mr. Peabody was very much troubled. It was early spring-time, and the large field near his house must be planted, but he could not make up his mind what to sow. Grain of some kind it must be, but *which* kind? As he stood leaning on a fence post he heard a voice call:

'Sow wh-eat, Pea-body, Pea-body,
Pea-body, wh-eat, Pea-body, Peabody.'

Looking up he saw a bird perched in an old tree calling this down to him. 'Wheat, do you say?' said the old man. 'Wheat it shall be, then;' and he raised a large crop. After that the white-throated sparrow was called the 'Pea-body bird.'"

BOBOLINK.

(A child comes flying.)

"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink-spank-spink. May's the month for me. I'm so happy, I can't sit still a minute. See my glossy black coat with white trimmings! Isn't it handsome? Yet, dear me, before the summer is gone it will look like a ragged brown one. How clothes do wear out! My mate is down in the meadow. You'd have hard work to find her or our nest, with its six fine eggs. She takes care of the house. Her dress is brown. She can't sing as well as I, but I sing to her, and I get food for the little ones when they are hatched. I like seeds best myself, and oh, don't I like rice! I had a feast down south last month. They call me the Rice Bird down there, and they say — there is my mate calling. I must go. Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, spink-spank-spink."

RECITATION. "Robert of Lincoln." *Bryant.*

(To be recited by the children in concert, or by the teacher.)

SONG. "May." *Jenks and Walker.*

"Pretty little violet, waking from your sleep,
Fragrant little blossom, just about to peep,
Would you know the reason all the world is gay,
Listen to the Bobolink telling you 'tis May."

GAMES: "Birdies in the Greenwood," "Flying Birds," "The Pigeons," "The Pigeon House."

(Any or all of these games may be played. Words and music are found in "Songs and Games," Jenks and Walker, with directions in the back of the book for playing them.)

BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

(Comes flying, gives a little bow, and says:)

"Baltimore Oriole, if you please, named for a lord, and the best weaver in birdland! Head, back, and wings dark, with a little white trimming, shoulder caps, and a breast of orange. That is *my* suit. We came the first of the month, and my wife has just finished the nest. It is upon that high branch of the elm. If we had it down low, other birds and boys could find us easily, we are so bright colored, and our babies always chirp so loud. Our nest is deep like a bag, and the wind rocks it to and fro. It is a fine cradle for the babies. Have you seen it in the elm tree? There is some yellow silk woven into it, and it is the prettiest nest in town, *I* think."

SONG: "The Swallow." *C. B. Hubbard.* Second stanza.

"Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best,
High on the branches of a tree
It hangs its cozy nest."

Have some bird wing-flapping for rest exercises for the whole school. Let them be eagles and stretch their wings to the widest extent. Let the children show anything they have seen birds doing, *i.e.*, walking, flying, hopping, drinking, etc., what birds eat, the uses of birds, and some of their enemies.

Tell "The Birds of Killingworth," by Longfellow, in story form, for the teacher's part of the program, and close with "Birdling's Good-night to the Flowers," "Songs for Children," Part II., Eleanor Smith, or "The Bird's Nest," "Songs of the Child's World," Jessie Gaynor.

A Queer Little Nest.

Alice L. Beckwith.

Such a lively set of boys and girls as were gathered on the front porch you never saw. It was Dolly's birthday, and about a dozen children had been invited to take tea with her.

"What can we play now?" panted Dolly, as she sank down on the steps, all out of breath, after chasing Jack Dickson upon the hay mow.

"Oh, what do you think I've found?" called little Tommy Schooner, dancing round the corner.

"Oh, what?" they all exclaimed.

"Guess."

"A penny, most likely," said Phil.

"No, sir; come and see," and Tommy led the way, the rest following.

At one end of the back piazza was a long bench covered with stone crocks or jars, turned bottom side up. The crocks were stacked one above another in big piles. One stack was pushed slightly over the edge so there was a hole up under them.

Tommy got down on the floor and looked up under the stack.

"Look there!" he said, in great satisfaction, and three or four joined him.

"Oh, don't you touch that," cried Dolly, in great alarm.

"Be careful, Tommy. Come away."

"Pooh!" exclaimed one of the boys, "it's nothing but a bird's nest."

"Well, you leave it alone," cried Dolly, almost angry at the boy's heedlessness. "That's my wren's nest. They built it when I had the measles in April. Oh, they were so cunning! I used to sit by the window and watch them. They brought straws four or five times as long as they were themselves, to put into the nest. Dear little fellows, they worked so hard! Sometimes they would get a straw nearly up to the crock and the wind would blow it away, and they would have to try over again.

"Mamma put some little bits of worsted out there on purpose for them, and they put those in, and chicken feathers, and grass, and lots of things. They made it with a roof, so that when Mamma Wren is inside all you can see is her bill.

"One day when I got better, I looked in, and there were six little mites of eggs — kind of white with little specks of red and brown."

"Why didn't you keep them?" asked Bob.

"The idea!" cried Susie. "I should think you'd be ashamed, Bob Jenkins!"

"Why, of course I wouldn't touch them for anything,"

said Dolly; "and one day I saw the Papa Wren keep flying out of the nest with something in his mouth that he would drop under that tree. I went out to see what it was, he went so many times, and I found lots of little pieces of egg shells, and when I looked in the nest, instead of eggs there were six little birds about as big as two little grains of corn, one grain for the head and another for the body."

"Oh, let's see 'em," said Phil. "Let's lift the crock up."

"The mother bird's in there now," said Tommy. "I saw her fly in."

"Come away and let it be still here and perhaps she will come out," said Dolly. So they went back to the front lawn.

"On the carpet here we stand," sang the children's voices, as one after another was called into the ring, and all was quiet on the back piazza.

Mamma Wren peeped shyly out and finding the coast clear started off in search of food.

This was what Algernon Fitzgerald had been waiting for. Now was his chance and he stole noiselessly across the grass, climbed upon the bench and began a search for those birds. He had said nothing while the children were talking, but he had made up his mind to have the first peep.

"Come, Phil, it's your turn to call some one into the

ring," said Nan, when,—"what was that?" Such a cry as came from the back of the house.

"O my!" cried Dolly, her face growing pale, "my birds!" and they all followed her to the spot where a fierce battle was taking place.

It seems Algernon, surprised by the unexpected return of Mamma Wren, had lost his balance and had fallen to the floor, and before he could scramble to his feet, Mamma Wren flew at him. What a fuss that mite of a bird did make! Up and down, back and forth, around his head she went until Papa Wren, hearing the alarm, joined in the fray.

How they did scream at him and scold him! Neither of them touched him, but they flew so near him that he crouched there, big coward that he was, acting as if he expected any minute to have his eyes picked right out of his head.

It was the funniest kind of a sight; the birds were so tiny and Algernon was so big.

"Why, Algernon Fitzgerald Fremont!" cried Dolly, stamping her foot, "you are the wickedest *cat* that ever lived, and you shan't have a bit of supper to-night."

"Come, children, tea is ready," called Mrs. Fremont, and Algernon Fitzgerald took this occasion to slink off to the barn with drooping head and tail.

Papa lifted the crock very gently after supper so that the children could look inside and see the curious nest.

The wrens stayed there until the little ones were fully grown, and though they came back the next year and built another nest in the very same place, Algernon was never known to molest them. He would sometimes sit near by, and open his eyes as he heard the chirping of the birds while they were being fed, but the memory of that May battle kept him at a safe distance.

JUNE—LAST DAYS.

Story: A Frisky Wheelman.

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

If we could only spend them out of doors!

As that seems out of the question bring in as much of the outside world as possible.

Study the things within your own environment first, before you sigh for the treasures of your sister teachers.

Remember the ant-hills at the door, the caterpillars on tree trunks and fence rails, and the earthworms creeping over the walks after the rain.

Watch the butterflies and moths, and add to the list of wild flowers.

Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches to-day, daisies are dancing, and buttercups gleam in the meadows.

For occupations there seems to be little that is new, but there are different ways of arranging them. Can we not do a little designing now?

A border of violets, a center piece of leaves, a book cover with a child's favorite flower makes a pleasing variety.

Remember that it is expression that you are trying to

get rather than marvellous results, though neatness should be insisted upon, and a fair degree of accuracy. One's originality is taxed to the utmost now; everyone is tired, and work drags these last days.

But there are different ways of passing them. Looking backward through a vista of years I see

A Picture.

Twenty children are toeing a crack in the floor. The last spelling lesson of the year is just over. How the time has dragged! There has been outward submission but inward insubordination to the iron-clad rules. Courage, however! Ten minutes more and — "Ida Allen, have you whispered?" How the little girl at the head of the line shivers as the teacher stands over her with menacing glance.

Is she as painfully ugly looking as she seems now, this woman with the fiery black eyes and short black curls, or is it because they dislike her so?

Down the long line goes the question. Twenty guilty "Yes, ma'ams," interspersed with sobs and tears, is the reply, and then twenty little hands feel the blows from two birch sticks lying conveniently near on the desk.

"The exercises are over!" Are they? Will anything ever efface the memory of this disgrace and injustice?

It was certainly burned into the memory of one little girl who grew white to the very lips. Not a tear did she

shed, but five minutes later when she reached her mother's side and poured out her grief, she cried, "When I am a woman I shall be a teacher and I hope Miss Smith's little girl will go to school to me. If she does I shall *whip* her just as she did me this afternoon."

This little girl is a "grown-up woman" now. She hears of Miss Smith sometimes, but she never meets her. She says she would go miles out of her way to avoid her.

"Make a child happy now, and you make him happy twenty years afterward."

I repeat this mechanically, it has become such a trite saying, but as I do so, memory calls up

Another Picture.

It is the same school-house one year later. Again it is the last day of school. There is no "speaking of pieces," as was often the custom, no visitors, not much out of the ordinary school routine of every day work. A new copy in the writing books in blue ink, because the little ones thought it prettier than black, the reading of the favorite stories in the well-worn third readers — supplementary books were not common then — and a little spelling match in which the children choose sides.

There is lemonade later, that a little girl serves in a blue china mug with pink roses on the sides, some "rewards of merit" with bright pictures, for keepsakes,

and a little quiet visiting when whispering rules are suspended that the children may have a good time.

This is all, except the teacher; but such a teacher!

Did anyone else ever have such wavy brown hair, such delicate coloring, winning smile and gracious manner?

Was she as beautiful as she seems now when more than a score of years have passed, or was it because the children loved her so much that she wears such a halo of glory? Certain it is that this last day and the vision of Miss Rose standing on the school-house steps with her brown eyes full of tears, bidding the little ones good-by, is one of the pictures that hangs on memory's walls to be treasured as long as life lasts.

Do you think these things happened in some country across the sea, or that the pictures are overdrawn?

Oh, no! They took place in this free United States since slavery was abolished.

I was one of the little girls who went to school to both teachers.

"Is it warm in that green valley,
  Vale of Childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley
  Round whose bourns such great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley —
  Giants leaving foot-prints yet?
Are there angels in the valley?
  Tell me — I forget."

A Frisky Wheelman.

Alice L. Beckwith.

I cannot tell which Sydney thought more of, his bicycle or Jake.

The bicycle he bought with his own money, and Jake was a beautiful gray squirrel which an old Scotch gentleman had given him on his last birthday.

The old man found him in a hollow oak tree while chopping in the woods one day, and as winter was coming on, and the little fellow might be cold, he carried him home to Sydney.

He soon became very tame, and ever so fond of his little master. Sydney taught him many tricks. He would say, "Jake, let me see you crack this nut," and Jake would sit up on his hind legs, hold it in his paws, and crack it with his teeth.

Then he would roll over when told to do so, shake hands, go to sleep, and even hold a tiny gun and play soldier. But there was nothing he loved so much as to take a ride with Sydney on his wheel.

How his little bead eyes would dance with delight as he lay low on his master's shoulder, his silky coat pressed smooth by the rushing wind! If Sydney rode slowly, then Jake would sit upright, with his long, plumy tail curled up in front of him, or he would change from shoulder to

shoulder, and sometimes would skip down to the handle bars and ride there.

One morning Sydney came into the house and called "Jake!" No answer. "Jake, Jake, do you want to take a ride?"

What do you think? Jake jumped right out of grandma's cap box where he'd been taking a nap, ran out of the door, and seated himself on the wheel as much as to say, "If you please!"

Sydney laughed, and off they started. They had a fine time until the middle of a long hill was reached, when Sydney took a "header." He was not hurt a bit, but when he scrambled to his feet Jake was nowhere to be found.

Up and down the street Sydney looked, whistling and calling, but no little squirrel came.

Then he looked up in the trees, down in the gutter, and finally went down a side street and got Bob Jones to join in the search. It was the strangest thing how he could have disappeared so suddenly!

For nearly an hour they searched, several other boys helping them, but it was of no use, and Sydney at last rode sadly home.

A happy thought came! Perhaps he would find him at the house; but neither mamma, grandma, nor sister Flo had seen anything of him.

"He must have gone back to the woods," said Sydney

in a husky voice, for the tears would come; and he ran his hand into his jacket pocket for his handkerchief.

How he jumped as he touched something soft and furry, and then — dear me — out came Jake from that pocket right on to the table! He sat there and looked at the little boy as much as to say, "What in the world is all this fuss about? Such a tumble as that was, Master Sydney, was enough to give even a squirrel a headache. It was too much for me, so I jumped into your pocket, and it has taken me all this time to get over that fall."

APPENDIX.

Occupations.

Free Hand Paper Cutting.

For the first lessons, let the children cut pictures from fashion plates, circles and squares drawn on drawing paper, and strips from ruled note paper, cutting on the lines.

When they have gained control of the scissors the lessons in free cutting may follow.

Choose an object familiar to all, simple in outline, and large enough to be easily seen. A basket, a dipper, a cup, are good objects.

Question as to size and form, and let the children show with their hands how tall it is and how wide.

Then with no pencil lines let them cut from paper the shape of the object, teaching them to make no unnecessary scraps.

Cut with the children, and discourage the cutting of tiny things. Don't be too critical of first results. Pin the best cuttings on the board, and later, when the work improves, let them be mounted on colored paper.

Lessons in dictation and memory cutting should follow.

"Cut the broom we drew yesterday; cut two kinds of

fruit; cut some of baby's playthings; cut something seen on the way to school this morning."

Again, show them that by cutting straight in from the edge of the paper and following the outline of the object carefully, the outside margin may be cut in one piece. It may then be joined so neatly that the seam will hardly show. Mount both the object and margin and you will have two pictures with opposite effects in color.

Simple stories may be written on the board for the children to read and illustrate with cuttings for seat work.

Materials for Paper Cutting.

Paper. White or manila drawing paper, or the unruled pencil paper usually included in school supplies. Colored paper is attractive, but it is wise to use it sparingly except for backgrounds.

Better artistic effects can be produced with water color or colored crayons.

Mounting sheets. Coated paper in soft, delicate colors are prettiest. Engine colored papers (alike on both sides), are very good, while common brown wrapping paper is not to be despised, and is cheapest of all.

Scissors. Pointed ones are best, but blunt ones will do very well.

Paste. Add a tablespoonful of gum tragacanth to a pint of cold water. Let it stand for ten or twelve hours

and it will be of the consistency of jelly. Add a few drops of oil of cloves and it is ready for use.

Each child may be given a little of the paste on a piece of thick paper, but this is a waste of time and is always inconvenient. Procure, if possible, some of the little brown glass jars that druggists use for ointments. They cost but a few cents each when bought in quantity. Let each child keep one filled with paste in his desk; give him a flat wooden cigar lighter, or a tooth pick, for a paste stick, and he is ready to mount his cutting at a moment's notice.

Some teachers utilize the ink wells in the desks for paste holders, when ink is not used in the lower grades.

Conventional Paper Cutting.

Squares and circles of paper folded into quarters may have designs drawn upon them for cutting, such as cross forms and figures having curved lines; a quarter of the pattern being drawn on the outside fold. In cutting, the *closed* corner should be held in the left hand, cut through the four thicknesses on the drawn lines, and when opened, the pattern will have a closed centre and be all in one piece.

Triangles may be folded into thirds and hexagons into sixths in the same manner.

Folding.

Use four or five inch squares, white or engine colored papers, for folding. (Coated papers are prettier in color,

but are too thick for this work.) They can be procured at a kindergarten supply store, or a stationer can cut them for you. For the first lessons fold on the diameters. Later diagonals may be added. Teach edges and corners, back, front, right, and left.

A series of paper foldings may be derived from circles, and from triangles, also, but space is too limited to give specific directions. The Prang Educational Company publishes a small book on paper folding and cutting, and the Milton Bradley Company one that is inexpensive. It will be better yet to apply to some kindergarten friend, who will gladly give many easy and simple patterns.

Sewing.

To the overworked primary teacher sewing seems a task, but it is an occupation most fascinating to little people. Simple patterns should always be chosen. Use long stitches and have the pricking holes some little distance apart.

To prick the cards, fasten three or four white bristol cards together by slipping rubber bands over the ends. On the top card draw the pattern. Lay the cards on a pricking pad, or a piece of thick felt, and with a coarse pricking needle, or hat pin, prick through the cards. Connect the holes on the under cards with pencil lines.

The "Multiple Perforator" is much better for perfor-

ating the cards, but it is more expensive. It can be procured from a kindergarten supply store.

Very often some of the older children can prick the cards. Pricked cards can be bought which are good for many things, but the ones you sketch yourself to illustrate your own subjects are most satisfactory.

See that the needles for sewing have big eyes, and use split worsted or yarn. Teach the children to thread their own needles and to tie a knot.

In sewing push the needle up through the first hole, down through the second, up through the third, down through the fourth, etc.

This will leave gaps, or "gates," as the children say, between each stitch. When one has been all around the pattern he should go back and sew the "gates." The work will then have a neat appearance on both sides.

Weaving.

For weaving, leatherette mats are best for beginners, and when the paper mats are used choose those of medium width slits.

Weave colored fringes into neutral mats, and neutral fringes into colored mats; put tints and shades of same color together, and avoid inharmonious combinations. It is well to follow the order of the spectrum colors, letting each child have one of each color.

Weave 1 and 1. 1 and 2. 2 and 1. 2 and 2. 3 and 1. 1 and 3, etc. Mats cut one wide and one narrow, one wide and two narrow, make a pleasing variety.

Weaving is excellent for number work, as well as color, and the patterns may be written on the board.

Use the Ball weaving needles in putting in the strips.

Weaving mats may be lined with white paper and made into sachets, trays, baskets, hair receivers, etc.

Drawing.

For object drawing much better effects can be secured with charcoal than with pencil. Use French charcoal that comes in sticks. A half a stick will last a child for many lessons. Common Manila drawing paper may be used, while gray or buff cartridge paper is an excellent substitute. This comes in rolls, and strips can be tacked on the wall, on which sketches can be made if one is short of blackboard room. Charcoal rubs easily; particularly good work that you wish to preserve can be sprayed with "fixitif."

Teach the children to notice light and shade and to draw in masses.

Trees and foliage are very effective done in charcoal. Pencil may be used for illustrative work.

Painting.

Some teachers prefer boxes of water color containing three colors, red, yellow and blue; others choose a box

containing the six rainbow colors. Cheap, dull colors are not worth buying.

Prang Company and Milton Bradley Company have excellent paints for school use, in boxes.

Bradley Company has also moist colors in tubes that are very satisfactory.

Good sized brushes with long handles should be used. Ask the children to bring some clean pieces of old white cloth for paint cloths and a little cup for holding water. These can be kept in the desks.

In giving the first lesson to little children it is well to have a pencil outline — a large circle, for instance — on common drawing paper.

Let them wash inside the line with clear water, and then apply the paint, putting on a smooth "wash."

Yellow usually proves most satisfactory for the first lesson. It looks smoother for some reason than any other color. This circle may be baby's ball. A circle may be used again dividing it into sections and applying different colored washes.

Indian blankets are very effective. Wash over the paper with water and then paint a stripe of each color in the paint box. See that the washes are clear and brilliant in color, not thick and muddy.

Teach the little folks to keep clean boxes, and to do neat work.

The pencil outline can soon be dispensed with, and the children can paint directly from the object.

If one has no paints, colored crayon may be used.

Common writing ink is a very good medium to use, also, if applied with the brush.

Clay.

If the janitor prepares the clay, count yourself fortunate. If you must do it yourself, keep it in a stone jar with water enough to have it moist but not sticky. Exclude the air, and it will not have to be dampened very often. Swedge it into a brick before using, by dropping it on a smooth surface.

Divide the brick into the desired number of pieces by cutting it lengthwise and crosswise with a stout cord.

Cheap straw cardboard is light and good for a mat to place on the desk; slates are sometimes used and strips of oilcloth which can easily be washed.

Show the little people that by modeling with the fingers much better results will be secured than by the rolling process which they are sure to use if left alone.

Don't paint the clay objects, nor add wires, sticks and cloves to make "realistic" stems for fruit.

Choose some object simple in outline for the lesson, but after that is completed allow time for free work, if you wish the work to express any individuality.

Paper Chains.

Paper strips twenty inches long and one-half inch wide may be had in a variety of beautiful colors for chain making.

Let the children cut the strips into five-inch pieces. Paste the two ends of the short strip together, making a ring; link another strip into this and paste ends; continue until the chain is of the desired length.

This makes a good number lesson:

"Paste two red rings and three white ones."

"One red, one white, one blue."

"Two red, two green."

"Paste them in prismatic order," etc.

Note paper cut on the lines makes good white strips; a five-inch square may be folded into strips and cut on the folds.

Festoons of red, white and blue chains make pretty patriotic decorations; red and green are pretty for Christmas.

A long chain makes a pretty souvenir for the "birthday child" to take home. Chains hung on a brass rod in prismatic order make a gay curtain for a short window.

Peas Work.

Common dried peas procured at the grocery are the kind needed.

Toothpicks may be used for sticks, but sticks made for this purpose can be purchased and they are much better. They come in five-inch lengths, are slender and brittle and can be broken into any required length.

Soak the peas in water over night and then give a dozen or so to each child. Give the children three or four sticks.

Directions.

Break off a stick two inches long; put a pea on each end; break off another stick two inches long; insert this stick in the pea at the right, forming a right angle.

Insert a stick at the left end, add peas to these sticks, connect with two-inch stick and you have a square.

Make oblongs, triangles, pentagons, hexagons; outline simple objects that have straight lines — frames, shovels, rakes, hoes, etc.

As the fingers grow more skilful, chairs, tables and other articles of furniture may be made.

Parquetry.

Parquetry papers, in circles, squares, triangles, and other forms may be procured for borders and designs, that make attractive seat work, but the little folks may make their own parquetry papers.

Tablets of wood or cardboard in these forms may be

given to the children and they may trace around them and cut out the figures.

To have the occupation of any real value other than to keep the little people still, the hand work should be connected with some subject, or the development of form should follow some natural sequence.

Materials Needed in a "First Year" Room.

Low blackboards.
White crayon.
Colored crayon.
Charcoal for drawing.
Worsted.
Worsted needles.
Weaving mats.
Weaving needles.
Drawing paper.
Water color paints.
Brushes.
Clay.
Paste cups.
Paste.
Scissors.
Tooth picks.
Pencils.
Unruled white paper.
Uncolored sticks for stick laying.
One inch tablets in light and dark wood.
Circles, half circles, squares, half squares (triangles).
Engine colored paper, five and six inch squares. White and colored.
Coated paper for mounting cuttings.
Coated paper, four and five inch squares, for borders and designs.
White bristol board sewing cards.

One pricking pad.
Half dozen pricking needles.
Cups for holding water when painting.

Song Books.

Songs for Little Children. Part I. Part II. *Eleanor Smith.*

Songs and Games for Little Ones. *Jenks and Walker.*

Songs of the Child World. *Jessie Gaynor.*

Merry Songs and Games. *Clara B. Hubbard.*

Finger Plays. *Emilie Poulsson.*

Song Echoes from Child Land. *Jenks and Rust.*

Story Books.

In the Child's World. *Emilie Poulsson.*

Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks. *Sara E. Wiltse.*

Boston Collection of Stories.

The Story Hour. *Kate D. Wiggin.*

In Story-Land. *Elizabeth Harrison.*

Æsop's Fables.

Grimm's Fairy Tales.

In Mythland. Vols. I. and II. *M. Helen Beckwith.*

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